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THE DICKENSIAN

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FOR
DICKENS LOVERS

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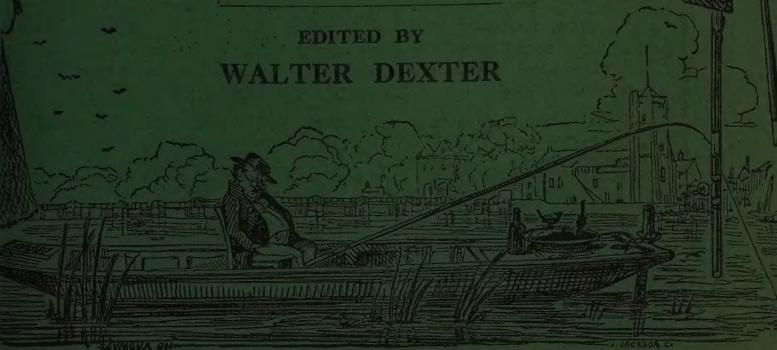
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MRS. BARDELL'S HOUSE
AND OTHER ARTICLES
FULLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY
WALTER DEXTER



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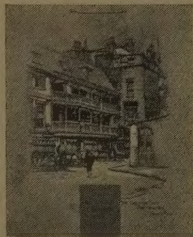
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[drawn by]

[Ruth Whittaker]

Obituary. The Fellowship has recently suffered great loss by the deaths of two of its Past-Presidents, viz. Mr. G. K. Chesterton (1921-22) and Sir Frederick Macmillan (1922-23). In Mr. Chesterton we lose a brilliant exponent whose work on Dickens is one of the best critical studies that has been produced, and will ever take high rank in English literary criticism. At all times Mr. Chesterton took a very genuine interest in the work and welfare of the Fellowship.

* * * * *

During Sir Frederick Macmillan's term of office as President, the scheme for the acquisition of the Dickens House was launched, and Sir Frederick was a very enthusiastic and generous supporter of that scheme. His last benefaction was the purchase and presentation of the Isaac Armitage relics. He was a frequent guest at the Birthday Dinners and in many ways supported the work of the Fellowship.

* * * * *

Congratulations. We offer our congratulations to Mr. T. W. Hill, the Hon. Treasurer of The Dickens Fellowship, on his election to Honorary Membership of the Athenæum, from the Secretaryship of which he has retired after nearly fifty years' association with this famous club. Also to Mr. J. W. T. Ley, who has accepted the invitation to act as general adviser of a Dickens Pageant, to be held in Newport in October in aid of the Royal Gwent Hospital.

* * * * *

Mr. J. W. T. Ley, in addition to his association with the two books issued by Chapman and Hall in celebration of the *Pickwick* Centenary,

gave addresses to the Middle and Upper schools of Newport Secondary School for Boys, to the Newport Rotary Club, the Newport Jewish Literary Society, the Newport Past Grand Lodge of Oddfellows, and at the Cardiff Central Library.

* * * * *

Atlantic Crossing, 1842-1936. Doubtless, many readers of *The Dickensian* turned to *American Notes* in May last when the "Queen Mary" was launched on her maiden voyage to America, and compared the accounts of that luxurious steamer with Dickens's graphic picture of the first of the famous Cunarders, the 1,100-ton "Britannia," in which he crossed the Atlantic ninety-four years ago. The fact was referred to very largely in the press, and the quotation of some of the most piquant of Dickens's description of the steamer and the voyage proved most entertaining reading.

* * * * *

White-washing Squeers. The campaign to excuse Shaw the original of Squeers and to accuse Dickens of uncharitableness continues. The late Mr. Thomas Wright, among the many incorred statements in his recent "Life of Dickens," referred to a stained-glass window to Shaw's memory in Bowes Church, placed there by his neighbours as proof of the respect they had for him. The Rev. A. H. T. Clarke recently wrote to "The Observer," stating that he had provided "evidence" to Mr. Wright for his work (without stating of what exactly the evidence consisted). He referred to the stained-glass window, and stated that both Shaw and his wife "died of shock within fourteen months of the final appearance of *Nicholas Nickleby*"; an innuendo, of course, that Dickens was the cause. Mrs. Shaw certainly died in 1840, but her husband survived her ten years. If Mr. Clarke had only referred to page 127 of the book for which he provided "evidence" he would have seen that Mr. Wright had correctly copied there the inscription on the tombstone. But both Messrs. Wright and Clarke are entirely wrong about the stained-glass window to the original of Squeers. This myth has its origin in the fact that there is in the church a window to the memory of Shaw's daughter, Mrs. Bousfield, placed there in 1896 by her daughter. This is confirmed by Mr. T. P. Cooper, the well-known authority of the Bowes district, who tells us he has a new book in the press dealing exhaustively with the Yorkshire schools, which we shall look for with much pleasure.

* * * * *

A Dickens Theatre. The fourth number of the pictorial magazine programme of the Dickensian Tabard Players has come to hand, and Mr. Ross Barrington, the editor (also author and producer of the five adaptations now forming the repertoire of the Players), is to be congratulated on the success so far achieved. It is the ambition of the Players to establish in Southwark, where they have their headquarters, a Dickens Amateur Theatre, which would be available also to other amateur societies. This would certainly prove a boon to a very large district which does not possess a theatre.

any hall properly equipped for the production of plays by amateurs. We understand that a fund for this purpose has already been opened.

* * * * *

The Fat Boy "Greedy, sleepy, sexless, and cruel" was the summing-up by Dr. Leonard Hill in a recent issue of "New Health," describing the Fat Boy as a very typical case of pituitary deficiency in the young. "His cruelty is manifest in his desire to make people's flesh creep, as well as in his attitude towards Mary. He says to Mary: 'How nice you look.' This, comments Dickens, was said in an admiring manner, and was so far gratifying; but still there was enough of the cannibal in the young gentleman's eyes to render the compliment doubtful. A modern writer would describe the look as not only savage and greedy, but devoid of sex appeal. Another touch which reveals Dickens's masterly characterisation is that of all the characters in *Pickwick* Joe is the only one who shows no development. He is the same fat boy in Chapter LVI as in Chapter IV, thus showing his infantilism."

* * * * *

Reading Dickens. We are pleased the British Broadcasting Corporation is reviving the serial reading of Dickens. In the evening programmes of the past session, *Martin Chuzzlewit* has been read by Mr. V. C. Clinton Baddeley, who repeated his earlier successes in this direction. The works of Dickens are never better appreciated than when read aloud; there is meaning in every word, and Mr. Baddeley's selections reflect his deep knowledge and appreciation of the book.

* * * * *

Harrogate Hatfield. Over three hundred Dickens characters came to life again at what was probably the largest Dickens Pageant and Fair of recent years. The organisation was in the hands of the Hatfield Branch, and the lovely grounds of Woodhill were lent for the occasion by Mr. Abel Smith. The object was to raise £500 to clear the debt on the village hall, but so successful was the function that close on £700 was realised. Congratulations.

* * * * *

Cigarette Papers. "Pickwick Papers" as a name for cigarette papers is so apt that one wonders why it has not been thought of long ago. "The cigarette paper with a famous old name" runs an advertisement in the Melbourne "Herald" which a reader has kindly sent us.

* * * * *

Miss Winifred Matz. We record with much pleasure the unanimous election of Miss Winifred Matz as an honorary member of the Dickens Fellowship. Since the death of her father eleven years ago, and until recently, Miss Matz has been a member of the executive committee.

WALTER DEXTER.

A PICKWICK EXAMINATION

SET BY T. W. HILL

1. Give reasons for assuming that Mr. Pickwick did not have the best guest-room at Manor Farm.
2. Where was the Farringdon Hotel ?
3. Where is a treadmill mentioned ?
4. Mention the various kinds of vanity.
5. Give some account of Mr. Weller's first marriage.
6. Who were Villam ? Villiam ? Mrs. Tomlinson ?
7. What was Bob Sawyer's first offering to Arabella Allen, and what became of it ?
8. When did Sam Weller refuse to perform a surgical operation ?
9. Mention some of the prominent positions chosen by Mr. Pickwick from which to deliver orations.
10. Who gave Mr. Namby a lesson in manners and when ?
11. Explain the terms " veels within veels " ; " out-an'-outer. "
12. When was Sam Weller guilty of theft ?
13. Who were " Old Fireworks " and " Old Strike-a-light " ?
14. Give the Christian names of Mrs. Weller ; Mrs. Cluppins ; Mrs. Sanders ; Mrs. Raddle ; Mr. Simmery ; Grummer.
15. How many clocks are there in the city ?
16. What is a " coffin at Christmas " ?
17. Compare the expense of travelling by cab in Pickwick's day and at the present time.
18. Who was " simply sewn up " and when ?
19. Explain the phrase : " I'm a kind of plaid at present. "
20. How many characters in the book are described as wearing a moustache ?
21. Who said " What has decomposed you, ma'am ? " and on what occasion ?
22. Give instances in the book of unsolicited advertisement of everyday commodities.
23. How many characters in the book bear the name of Tom and its variants ?
24. Define " unekval " ; " watch-box in mourning. "
25. When did Old Weller give his wrong Christian name ?
26. When did Old Wardle first see Mr. Pickwick ?
27. Why are Gray's Inn charwomen known as laundresses ?
28. What was the usual occupation of the clerks in the Will Office at the Bank ?
29. How many characters bear the name of Martin either as a Christian or as a surname ?
30. Who were Goodwin ; Jonas Mudge ; Mr. Jinks ?
31. How did Bob Sawyer display his native drollery and his knowledge of human anatomy ?
32. When and why did Ben Allen destroy his spectacles ?
33. What is the resemblance between a four-post bed and a deal table ?
34. In what circumstances can a suit of clothes be mistaken for a full suit of oilskins ?
35. How did Gabriel Grubb contract rheumatism ?
36. What is the best appetiser known ?
37. On what occasion did a lover consult a single man ?

NAMES IN *PICKWICK*

BY LIONEL STEVENSON

IT is strange that more extensive studies have not been made with regard to the names chosen by English novelists for the characters in their books. In the light of modern psychological theories of word-significance, very interesting results might be adduced. And of all authors, the one most conspicuous for the variety and originality of his nomenclature is Charles Dickens.

My comments are necessarily in a large measure subjective, and therefore controversial. The whole problem of the association of ideas is one in which the researches of the psychologist come closest to the creative functions of the literary artist. "Connotation" is the most essential device of the poet, but the critics, as yet, have done little to shed light on it. While Professor Lowes, in "*The Road to Xanadu*," was exploring a promising line of approach, Mr. James Joyce was rushing headlong into a new work in which every phrase was to be an amalgam of puns, echoes, and overtones, designed to make the reader think of half-a-dozen things at once.

The difficulty of analysing such matters is that we have to use plain words and logical sequences to deal with something which is essentially sub-conscious and intangible, and which varies according to the vocabulary and imagination of the individual reader. What I am going to say about my personal "response" to the names of Dickens characters will not necessarily coincide with that of any other reader. Unhappily, it does not even coincide exactly with what I feel; but it is the nearest approximation that can be expressed.

Many critics have pointed out that Dickens acquired much of his fictional technique from his early familiarity with the eighteenth-century novelists, particularly Smollett. In the matter of nomenclature, those novelists were influenced by the drama, in a tradition that can be traced back through Restoration comedy to the Jonsonian comedy of humours, and thence in turn to the Morality plays. From the bald literalism of "*Good Deeds*," "*Friendship*," "*Envy*," and so on, it was not a long step to Sir Epicure Mammon and Fastidious Brisk, or to Fainall and Squire Sullen.

The early novelist modified this tradition somewhat, to conform with the greater realism of fiction. For their principal characters, they preferred such familiar names as Andrews and Harlowe, Adams and Jones. But these names had several disadvantages: for one thing, they might remind readers too forcibly of living persons bearing the same cognomens; for another, they might fail to remain clearly and distinctively in the reader's mind. A Fielding could confer immortality on the magnificent triteness of "*Tom Jones*"; but as novels multiplied, something more conspicuous became imperative, and the easiest course was to relapse into the old tradition, as Fielding himself did in such names as "*Slipslop*" and "*Thwackum*," and as Smollett persisted in, with his "*Random*" and "*Pickle*" and "*Commander Hawser Trunnion*."

The ideal system, clearly, would be a compromise between the two extremes by means of the invention of names which should hint at the types of character depicted, and yet resemble actual names sufficiently to merge into the realistic pattern. This was sometimes achieved by Fielding and Sterne, in such names as Trulliber, Blifil, and Shandy; but it remained for Dickens to bring the device to its highest effectiveness. He gave uncommon names even to his heroes, and yet he usually contrived to keep a shade of difference between them and those of his comic characters. It is impossible, of course, to judge this question impartially, for we cannot rid our minds of the stories in which they appear; but I suspect that even a person who knew nothing of the books would feel that "Nickleby" and "Copperfield," "Pirrip" and "Dombey" and "Drood" are somehow different from "Squeers" and "Pumblechook" and "Sweedlepipe." The only hero with a definitely comic name is Martin Chuzzlewit, and in this instance the whole family merits the name, though Martin himself transcends it.

The names used by Dickens may be immediately divided into two main classes—those which already existed and those which he invented. In a recent issue of *The Dickensian* (Spring, 1935), Mr. Frank Roe gave a long list of Dickensian names that he has found in directories, and added a number of others that Dickens *might* have used—names as grotesque as any in his books. The classification is therefore of little importance; whether he adopted an existing name or coined a new one, the artistic effect is less in the source than in the application. That he had some positive theory in the matter is illustrated by the fact that before selecting "Chuzzlewit" he tried and rejected a dozen variations, as meticulously as Tennyson revised and polished a cherished stanza. A foreigner would probably regard "Pickwick" and "Snodgrass" as typical Dickens inventions, yet both have been borne by living people; whereas he might accept "Trotwood" or "Bagstock" as legitimate English names, though neither, apparently, have been found. We need not, therefore, pay attention to this basis of distinction, except in those cases where a further "overtone" is added to the name by some notable occurrence of it in real life.

In my present article, I shall confine myself to the names used in Dickens's first novel. The most important of them, the title rôle, is an excellent and comparatively simple example, though exceptional in that the name was not chosen for applicability to the character himself, but for another reason. Owing to the fact that the personality of Mr. Pickwick expanded and matured with the progress of the book, we need not expect the author to have begun with a clear conception of him that could be expressed in the choice of a name. He did begin, however, with a clear conception of the "club of Cockney sportsmen"—the theme given to him by his publishers. Why, then, did he give to this club the name of a well-known coach proprietor of Bath, which he had noticed during his journalistic expeditions? Surely because one of the fads of English high society in the first half of the nineteenth century was the organising of expeditions to eat open-air meals while

njoying the charms of rural scenery, these being known as "Picnic clubs."* Most of the reading public would recognise and chuckle over the parody of this fashionable phrase as applied to a highly unfashionable fraternity with a very similar objective—the "Pickwick club."

The three henchmen of the hero were more distinctly envisaged at the beginning than the hero himself. "Mr. Tupman" is a good specimen of Dickens's ability to arrive at an expressive name by slightly changing an existing one. "Tupman" is an anagram of "Putman"; "Tup," as a colloquial name for a ram, hints at the gentleman's mild obstinacy; and it is sufficiently like "Tub" to hint also at his gure.

"Mr. Winkle," of course, immediately suggests the insignificant and bashful shell-fish; but to some readers of 1836 "Nathaniel Winkle" would also be a haunting echo of "Nathaniel Willis," the American newspaper correspondent who had recently amused and annoyed English literary society by his snobbery and his foppishness.

"Augustus Snodgrass" is more elusive in connotation; but the classic dignity of "Augustus" (with the suggestion of "wind" in the stressed syllable), the maidenly modesty of "snood," and the greenness of "grass," combine to form an apt summary of the poet's nature. There can be little doubt that the comic and undignified effect of the name "Snodgrass" arises from the similarity of its first syllable with the vulgar word "snot."

The name of "Samuel Weller" is another which is of fairly common occurrence in real life (though later, when Dickens met a Miss Weller, he asserted that he thought he had invented the name). In addition to lending itself to jokes about its spelling, arising from a current Cockney pronunciation, it suited the character very neatly: as an adjective and adverb, "well" suggests good health and complacency; as a verb, it suggests spontaneous bubbling forth, which aptly describes Sam's conversation.

"Alfred Jingle" seems also to be named from his style of speech: the implication of a quick, repetitive, clinking sound is quite appropriate. Dickens may also have had in mind the fact that in Ireland "jingle" was a light two-wheeled vehicle, frequently used by visitors who wanted to travel quickly about the country.

"Mr. Wardle" combines suggestive sound with actual historical allusion. The word is sufficiently like "waddle" to convey a mental

* The "Oxford English Dictionary" lists a number of allusions to this fad, from 1802 onwards. The two chief objects of such clubs were *al fresco* meals to which each member contributed a dish, and amateur performances of original plays (see Grove's "Dictionary of Music," i, 82). In 1828 the "Sporting Magazine" spoke of "A pack of hounds . . . got together . . . in a sort of pick-nick manner by a few gentlemen in London." The Hon. Montagu Berkeley, in, "My Life and Recollections," iii, 149, describes a Picnic Club in some detail.

There was also the adjective "picknickian"; as used in Cutspear's "Dramatic Nights" (1802): "I am not of the Pic-nic Society, therefore not a Pic-nickian. I only wish to prove that, if the Pic-nickians choose to have a Pic-nic supper, they have an un-doubted right to do so." The adjective was used fifty years later by Charles Reade.

picture of plumpness and comfort ; and only twenty-five years before, a Colonel Wardle had won nation-wide fame by accusing a royal prince of corrupt trading in military commissions, the name of "Wardle" thus coming to be identified with bluff English honesty and fearlessness.

Of all the names in the novel, the one that has passed into most general use is that of the "Rev. Mr. Stiggins." It is formed by analogy with the real names "Higgins" and "Wiggins"; to my ear it combines hints of his stiffly dignified carriage ("stick") and his covert addiction to drinking ("swig"), along with a fainter overtone of his dogmatic condemnation of all who did not support him ("stigmatise").

When we come to the group of legal luminaries, we encounter one of the few instances when Dickens caricatured an individual; and here he went so far as to burlesque even the name of his prototype "Justice Stareleigh"; easily recognisable as Mr. Justice Gazelee, but even in this instance, the name was not merely a pun, but also an allusion to the judge's owlsh manner.

The name of "Sergeant Buzfuz" is in my opinion the only one in the book which does not ring true. It aptly suggests the fluent speech of the counsel, and his skill in puzzling and flustering witnesses; it even has a distant echo of the word "humbug"; but it undeniably sounds like a "made-up" name, and not like any one existing in English.

The names of the other lawyers, in contrast, are both apt and plausible. "Mr. Sergeant Snubbin" (analogous to "Dobbin" and "Gubbins") exemplified his name in his first interview with Mr. Pickwick. His junior colleague, "Mr. Phunky," in his nervousness and subservience merited both the words "flunky" and "funk." The name of the solicitor, "Mr. Perker," varying from a common surname by only one vowel, exactly described his fussy, cocksure briskness. "Dodson" has a clear echo of "dodge," and "Fogg" of course suggests murky clouds of obscurity.

The shoal of lesser characters cannot be particularised. To two of them, "Bob Sawyer" and "Mrs. Leo Hunter," Dickens was able to apply common names with a sly double meaning. And one of the very minor characters has just received some attention which aptly illustrates my thesis. A correspondent in the "Observer" has suggested that the name "Smauker" may have been a printer's misreading of Dickens's writing of "Swanker," as the latter would more obviously describe the man's manner. According to my theory, "Smauker" is far more consistent with Dickens's method: it has as much right to be an English name as "Hawker" or "Walker," and yet it subtly suggests such relevant words as "stalk," "smug," and "haughty."

If my suggestion has any validity, it may in some slight degree help to account for that baffling phenomenon, the unique distinctiveness with which every character of Dickens lingers in one's mind as a genuine and individual being.

DICKENSIAN PEEPS INTO "PUNCH"

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR

V.

DOMBEY AND SON was introduced into "Punch" as early as 24th October, 1846. The first number of this story had appeared on the first of that month and nearly a page was devoted to a sarcastic article headed "Dombey and Son, Great Dramatic Meeting." It was a report of a meeting of playwrights held in celebration of the commencement of a new novel by Mr. Dickens, the purpose being to decide at what precise number of the work they should commence to dramatise it!

Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell were favourite subjects of John Leech in the forties. In 1845, they had appeared together in a cartoon adapted from *The Chimes* (1935, page 265) and as Oliver Twist and the Artful Dodger in the following year (see page 187, current volume). While *Dombey and Son* was still in course of publication, these two politicians of the past appeared as the stern merchant and his motherless child in a splendid adaption of Phiz's well known drawing, and after the complete story had appeared only a few months, we find Lord John Russell again in a *Dombey and Son* cartoon, this time as "The Parliamentary Toots." Disraeli was the Mrs. Blimber.

"Back to School; or Dr. Blimber Gladstone and his friends" was one of Tenniel's cartoons (8th April, 1893), but it had little flavour of *Dombey and Son*, save in the half page of letterpress which accompanied it, to which it was acknowledged "a smack of The Mikado" had been added. "What are the Wild Waves saying?" was the title of cartoon on 14th August, 1912; but here again, only the title was an application of Dickens.

One would have thought that the "Punch" artists would have made much use of Captain Cuttle with his "When found, make a note of." But he appears to have been left severely alone, except that it was originally intended by E. T. Reed in the nineties to fashion Tommy Bowles after the famous character. This identical Cap'en first appeared on May 11th, 1895, complete with hook on arm—and that was before the day of Barrie's Captain Hook. There is nothing more to connect him with Dickens's creation. A few months later, however (September 14th), Tommy Bowles as the Cap'en was supplied with a wooden leg to match the hooked arm. But a few years later (May 14th, 1898) the artificial leg was transferred to the other foot. Was this a sly dig at "Phiz" who made the mistake of placing the hook on the wrong arm?

E.T.R. was partial to *Dombey and Son*; he introduced the Captain's friend Bunsby into several small sketches. Balfour-Bunsby appeared on July 22nd, 1903, saying, "What I says I stands to," Rosebery-Bunsby on June 13th, 1900, explains "the bearings of this observation lies in the application of it."

Sir Robert Finlay, otherwise "Mr. Solicitor Bunsby," appeared on May 17th, 1899.

The full page cartoon by Everard Hopkins, entitled "Free as Air"



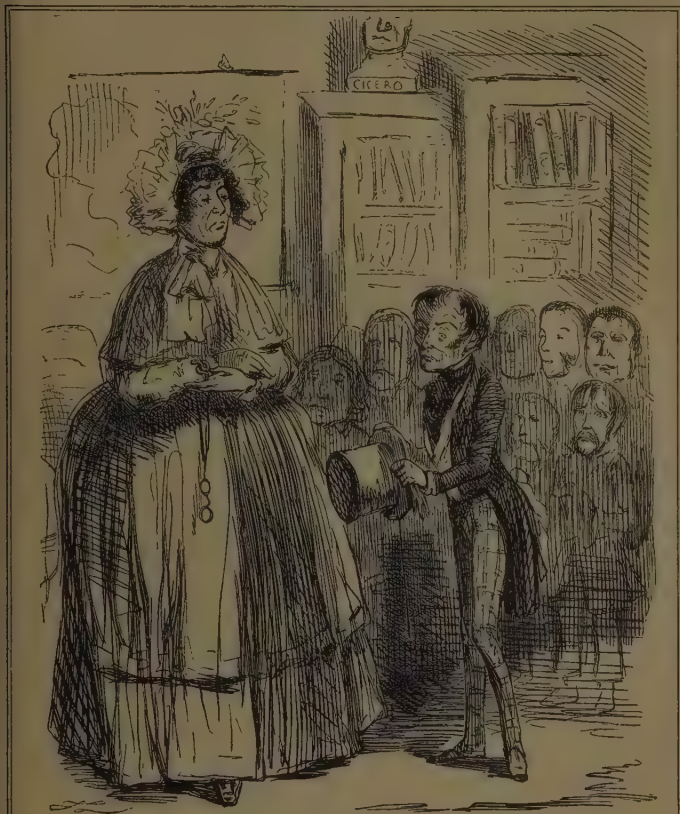
DOMBEY AND SON.

"MR. DOMBEY was in a difficulty. He would have liked to give him (the boy) some explanation involving the terms circulating-medium, currency, depreciation of currency, paper, bullion, rates of exchange, value of precious metals in the market, and so forth."

An early Leech Cartoon from "Punch," 28th August, 1847

(October 2nd, 1901) and representing Lord Rosebery as Harold Skimpole is, we believe, the only large "Punch" cartoon from *Bleak House*. A. W. Lloyd however is particularly partial to this book

being responsible for several small cartoons, notably the only one of Chadband. Rev. Chadband Macquisten appears on June 21st, 1922,



THE PARLIAMENTARY TOOTS.

Mrs. Blinder (D'Is-s-l). "I think it convenient, Toors, to say to you, before the young gentlemen disperse, that you appear to me to have reached the low-water mark of general contempt, and that there is not the least probability of your ever gaining another inch towards flood-tide again. All your friends are ashamed of you; all your enemies rejoice over you; everybody is tired of you. In fact, Toors, you are, if I may express myself plainly, an unmitigated humbug, and a hoax. And now that I have relieved my mind by mentioning

this, I will conclude by observing, Toors—you know my classical taste—that I think if I could have seen Cæsar, that pure Caucasian, in his retirement at Tusculum—beau-ti-ful Tusculum!—I could now die as contented as I am ever likely to be."

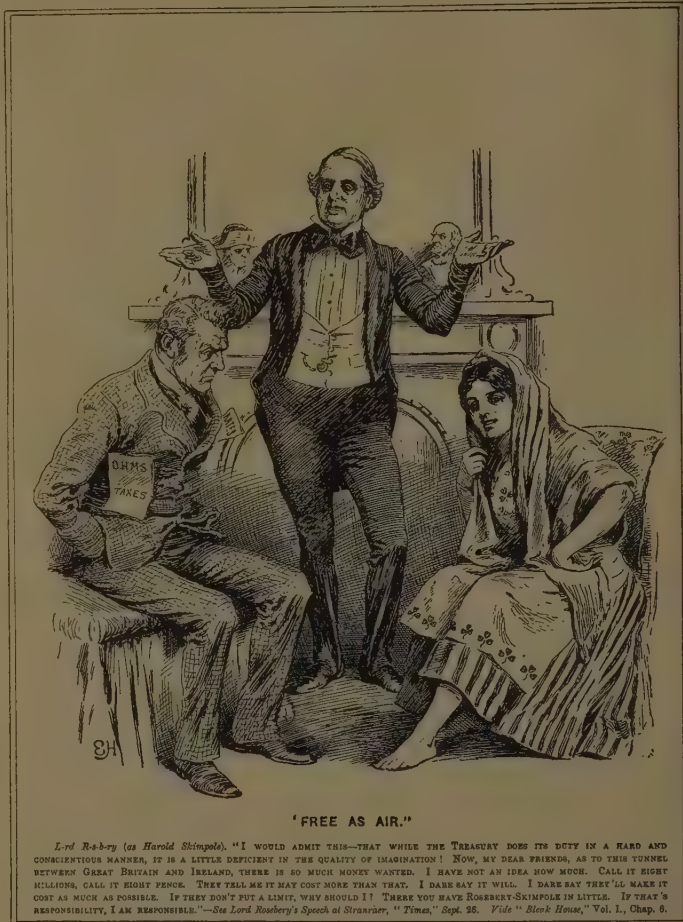
Toots (R-u-l-l) confused. "It's of no consequence, thank you. It's all right. It's not of the least consequence in the world. Nothing is of any consequence, anywhere; I'm much obliged to you."

A Leech Cartoon from "Punch" 9th September, 1848

asking "What is Terewth?" a likely subject which had apparently been overlooked by other artists.

In January, 1885, appeared an article on "Hints on Parliamentary

Department by Professor Turveydrop Toby, M.P.," and Lloyd depicted Lord Curzon on March 27th, 1923, as "Master of Party De-



A "Punch" Cartoon by Everard Hopkins. 2nd October, 1901

partment." The following year Lloyd also presented "Turveydrop Pringle," and on December 7th, 1927, "Turveydrop Winterton."

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TOBIAS SMOLLETT'S INFLUENCE ON DICKENS

BY W. F. D. CURTOYS

IN a quite general way, I think the *names* of Tobias Smollett's books and of several of his characters, so familiar to Dickens as a little boy, certainly suggested that art of naming for which our author is celebrated. "Peregrine Pickle" and "Roderick Random" resemble *Nicholas Nickleby*, both by their alliteration and their rhythm, and to some extent remind us of *David Copperfield*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Barney Rudge*, *Oliver Twist*. In fact, all the earlier books, except *The Pickwick Papers* (and that has the alliteration), and *Old Curiosity Shop*, are two names, like Smollett's. Only later do we come to such titles as *Our Mutual Friend*, and *A Tale of Two Cities*. And, secondly, as Lord David Cecil remarks in his recently published and most interesting "Early Victorian Novelists," "The broad conception of the novel form held by Dickens and Thackeray was still the same as that held by Fielding and Smollett, the creators of the Novel; so that the Victorian novel is still the novel in its first stage." Smollett, as well as Sterne, struck out some new lines. And now a word or two about his life.

Tobias Smollett, a Scotsman, was born near Loch Lomond in 1721. He was apprenticed to a surgeon at Glasgow, and turned to good account his experiences as a ship's surgeon on a man-of-war. He settled in London in 1746, where he began his career as an author. He had gone to London with the tragedy of "The Regicide" in his pocket. His journey to London is described in "Roderick Random," which he published in 1748, at the age of 27. (Like Dickens he began early, but not quite so early, as Dickens was 24 when *Pickwick* was published.) He also wrote poems such as "The Tears of Scotland," and it is said (D. N. B.) that he "had a rare facility for plain and forcible composition." The word "picaresque" which is applied to his methods means "pertaining to *picaarons*" or rogues—said of a kind of literature popular in Spain in the seventeenth century which dealt with such characters.

Smollett's translation of "Gil Blas" made him acquainted with one of the greatest of "picaresque" stories, and this comes out in all his books. "Roderick Random" contains a realistic description of a young medical student's good and bad fortune on his first introduction into life and of the brutal ways of seamen in the days of the press-gangs. After this came, at intervals, "Peregrine Pickle" (1751), "Count Athol" (1753) and lastly the "Expedition of Humphrey Clinker" (1771). He also continued Hume's "History of England" and wrote "Tramps through France and Italy." His last work, considered his masterpiece, written in the year of his death, is especially interesting to us, because of its graphic picture of Bath Society and for its fine collection of odd characters. Thackeray remarks of Smollett that "he did not invent much." He takes from actual life innumerable incidents and scenes which he works up into his exuberant narrative.

"His works are in large measure imaginative Reminiscence" (Bernard Groom's "Literary History of England"). You will notice that, just like Dickens, his life was short—50 years, compared with Dickens's 58; and both got into their short lives an immense amount of literary labour. Here is a brief account of the three novels Dickens read as a boy.

(1) *RODERICK RANDOM*. There are headings of the chapters very like Dickens's. As in *Barnaby Rudge* so here is a tame Raven, and we know Dickens had one himself. As we said just now, Roderick Random is a young medical student who sets out for London, as Smollett himself did, and meets with various wild adventures. The narrative is very concrete, not seldom adorned with coarse details. Just as Dickens did in *Pickwick*, he is fond of introducing stories within the story, as that of Miss Williams, whom a bailiff wrongfully arrests, and she is imprisoned first in the Marshalsea and then in Bridewell. In Chapter 24 is a graphic description of the brutal methods of the Press-gang, and in the next chapter, of ship-life. Some of his names, like those of the novels, are very striking and may have led to Dickens's ready facility in naming his characters, e.g. Lady Flareit, Miss Biddy Gigler, Mr. Billy Chatter, Bragwell, Slyboot, etc., and the "nobility" of very perverted morals, my Lords Shaddle, Strubwell and Swillpot. There is not much story, there is no plot, merely a string of adventures. Roderick eventually goes to Buenos Aires, and in Don Rodrigo discovers his father, and is married. As in all the other novels, this is the conclusion. Though Smollett does not suggest necessarily that "they lived happily ever after."

Anyhow, all the early novelists, down to Dickens, love to make marriages, whereas the modern novel loves to break them, and to leave the male characters with several living wives, and the female ones with several living husbands.

(2) *PEREGRINE PICKLE*. This also is a book of loosely constructed adventures. The author migrated to Bath in 1752; hence the many references to that city.

Gamaliel Pickle, a merchant, retires into the country. He is accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Grizzle, who arranges a match between her brother and the egregious Miss Appleby. Peregrine is born. Near them lives Commodore Trunnion, an old sea-dog who, of course, uses the very strongest language. They and others meet frequently at a club in the neighbouring inn and indulge in large potations. Mrs. Grizzle inveigles the Commodore into a most unhappy marriage. Indeed, both Mrs. Pickle and Mrs. Trunnion, far from "reverencing their husbands," henpeck them with great acerbity and make them go in fear of their lives. Peregrine, growing into a handsome youth, is sent to School (under an ignorant and ugly schoolmaster who might have stood for Mr. Squeers). His mother in a most unnatural way hates her first-born, and Trunnion (at "the Garrison")—his uncle by marriage—takes him in tow. Later on, he gets into the Fleet Prison. (Both Smollett and Dickens are fond of getting their heroes into debtors' prisons.) There is a very exaggerated description of his

fight with a gardener, in his school days. For this Peregrine is birched before the School.

In very early days he becomes acquainted with Emilia Gauntlett, with whom he falls in love, and this interest, with various ups and downs, goes on through the book. By this time he is at school at Winchester, near which Mrs. Gauntlett and her son and daughter live. He runs away from school and is caught by Hatchway, the nautical friend who lives at the Garrison with Trunnion. Tom Pipes, the ex-bosun, who goes with him to Winchester, on one occasion loses the love-letter of which he has been put in charge; he gets a schoolmaster to write another—an absurd bombastic epistle—which of course does harm to his love-affairs, and is not explained till a long time after.

As an example of Smollett's utter cynicism (though unfortunately not wholly untrue to life) I will quote: "The two ladies—Mrs. Pickle and Mrs. Trunnion—with great civility performed all the duties of good neighbourhood and hated each other most piously in their hearts," and as to the subjection of the two husbands, "Trunnion's subjection was like that of a bear, chequered with fits of surliness and rage. Pickle bore the yoke like an ox without repining." (Bear-husbands and ox-husbands, Smollettian terms!).

Peregrine then goes to Oxford where he leads a very irregular life. The *whole* of Trunnion's conversation and letters are in nautical terms; of course, Smollett's actual knowledge of the sea stands him in good stead. Peregrine has a duel (there are *frequent* mentions of duels in these books) with Emilia's brother, with whom, afterwards, he becomes good friends. There is a roystering scene about the revenge of Tunley the Publican (where the Club is held) on Sackbut the unclerical Curate (Religion and the Church are seldom mentioned by Smollett except in scoffing ways) who has been accused unjustly of an unlawful amour. In Chapter XXXI is a really *horrible* description of a fight between (1) Gamaliel, the second and beloved though mis-shapen son of the Pickles, and his mother on the one side, and Peregrine and his sister Julia (who is fond of her elder brother) on the other. Julia thereafter is taken into the "Garrison." Peregrine now has a tour abroad, accompanied by Courier and Lacquey. Emilia is forgotten in various unsavoury love exploits. He goes off with a married lady whom the British ambassador restores to her husband, who places her in a convent.

He eventually returns to Harwich. And there is a horrid scene of drunkenness on his reappearance at the "Garrison." His mother, in church, "reviled her daughter Julia"—now in charge of Trunnion—"with great bitterness in the face of the whole congregation."

At Bath he ruins a company of sharpers (this, at least, is a *good* feat). In Chapter 70, there is a perfectly horrid view of human nature as exhibited by Bath doctors. Short stories, "Memories of a Lady of Quality" are introduced at great length as in *Pickwick*. There is much about a certain Cadwallader with whom he sets up as magician and fortune-teller (secretly getting previous information about those who come for advice). After certain financial matters have landed

him in the Fleet Prison, the Clergyman gives a lengthy memoir of a noted Personage who had been imprisoned there. Jack Hatchway is a pleasant exception to the usual run of selfish characters, as he offers £3000 to his friend to get him out of prison, which Peregrine will not accept. (By the way, Hatchway inherited both the fortune and the wife of Trunnion.) Then Hatchway and Pipes get lodgings in the Fleet to be near Peregrine (cf. *Pickwick* and Sam Weller). We have, as in Dickens, so many allusions to "Turn-keys." Eventually his father dies without will, and his estate goes to Peregrine. There is a graphic description of his entry into his old house and his painful dealings with his mother and brother. He is married, by special licence in a room, and there are the usual scenes of drunkenness, etc. The misanthrope Crabtree (cf. "School for Scandal") is "godfather"—I suppose that means "gave away the bride."

HUMPHREY CLINKER. Before giving some account of Smollett's last novel, I would like to quote an allusion I found to it in the life of Dean Stanley, when he was a small boy at Rugby. In a letter home he writes "he (Dr. Arnold) was looking at something about Smollett, and said, Humphrey Clinker was not thought enough of generally—and upon my telling him I had never read it—'Oh, you must read Humphrey Clinker; if you have not got it, I will lend it to you, it is not too much to say that I have read it through fifty times,' and accordingly he jumped up and got it down for me."

It is strange to find a great man like Dr. Arnold so full of praise of the rather heavy humour of Humphrey Clinker. But it is a considerable advertisement. Thackeray too, gives Humphrey Clinker the palm among laughable stories.

It is written in a series of letters by the members of a family living in a country house in Wales (Brambleton Hall), and now travelling about, as was the custom in those days, in the family coach. A good many of the letters are from Bath, others from "Harrowgate" and Scarborough, and a good many from Scotland. The writers are the head of the family, the kindly but valetudinarian Matthew Bramble, his nephew Jeremiah Melford and his niece Lydia, the designing and not very literate old maid Tabitha, the diverting maid Winifred Jenkins with her extraordinary spelling (*e.g.* Dunquicksett, Imp-fiddle, Pyebill), (*i.e.* Don Quixote, infidel, Bible).

The character after whom the book is named is not discovered till we are some way into it, a rough yokel who turns up when the carriage is overturned near Marlborough, and who is taken into Bramble's service. He eventually turns out to be Bramble's natural son!

For a time Humphrey Clinker bursts out as a Methodist preacher; but this is soon stopped by Squire Bramble, whose contemptuous attitude probably represents the author's. Humphrey is wrongly arrested as a highway robber but eventually liberated, when the real highwayman has been found.

Various adventures at "Harrowgate" and the taste of its waters are described; and the "bathing machines," a new invention, at Scarborough; there Humphrey Clinker rushes into the water fully

ressed to save his master from drowning, pulling him out by the ear, whereas he is merely shouting from the cold.

There is a ridiculous account of York Minster, showing the want of appreciation of Gothic architecture not uncommon in the eighteenth century. Lieut. Obadiah Lismahago, a pedantic Scot, who has had horrible adventures in Canada which he describes at great length, and a "free-thinker" comes on the scene; Aunt Tabitha as usual, sets her cap" at him and eventually marries him.

Bramble and Melford describe Edinburgh, here are a few samples :

(1) *Haggis*, "a mess of minced lights, livers, suet, oatmeal, onions and pepper enclosed in a sheep's stomach. It had a very sudden effect on mine and the delicate Mrs. Tabitha changed colour." (2)

The Scotch are all musicians. Every man you meet plays on the lute, violin, or violin-cello." (3) "A game called golf in which they use a curious kind of bats tipped with horn, and small elastic balls of leather stuffed with feathers, rather less than tennis balls but with harder consistence. These they strike with such force and dexterity from one hole to another that they fly to an incredible distance."

The golfers, some of whom are fourscore never went to bed without having each the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly." Also

The highlanders regale themselves with whisky, a malt spirit, as strong as Geneva (Gin), which they swallow in great quantities without any sign of inebriation." A highland breakfast of vast proportions is described. Glasgow, "one of the prettiest towns in Europe and one of the most flourishing in Great Britain." A really fine description of Loch Lomond (near Smollett's birthplace) is given which shows he had a real enthusiasm for Scotch scenery.

In these days of peril on the roads, it is interesting to note the rather frequent accidents to the coach. In fording a river the inmates are nearly drowned. Just after this, the introduction of Squire Dennison and his lady introduce us to really good and pleasant people. Dennison's son, George, is the "Wilson" of Gloucester, with whom, as a strolling player, Lydia had fallen in love. And the letters end up with a series of marriages, Liddy with Dennison, Aunt Tabitha with Lismahago, and Humphrey Clinker (whose real name was Matthew Lloyd as had been Matthew Bramble's) with Jenkins.

Well, now we have seen in a rough way what Dickens read as a boy. A more careful study of Dickens's books than I have been able to give to them might find a number of parallels or similarities. But on the whole, the contrasts are greater than the resemblances. Nicholas and Mike, Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley, Mr. Pickwick and his companions to some extent recall the travels of Roderick and Strap; Brunnion may have suggested Captain Cuttle. But the whole tone of Dickens is a wonderful improvement on that of Smollett. We are not surprised that (in "The Rivals") Lydia Languish has to hide away "Peregrine Pickle" and "Humphrey Clinker" from the scrutiny of Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Antony. And Scott calls Peregrine in spite of his physical attractions "The Savage and Ferocious Pickle."

All these books consist of *travels*, rather than stories with plots.

Dickens's earliest books too are founded on travels—Pickwick's, Nicholas Nickleby's, Martin Chuzzlewit's (the American part)—travels, in the case of Smollett, leading from one roystering and adventurous scene to another in which the chief characters are generally triumphant—travels, in the case of Dickens, providing us with a large number of quaint, original, individualistic characters, each of them showing traits which can readily be recalled. It is the most natural and, amid other changes, a most constant form of novel.

But there is of course a great contrast between Dickens and Smollett. If Smollett has vitality, it is the vitality of an ugly dream, a nightmare. It is hard to find a single character whom he makes you love and care for. Life, seen through his spectacles, seems almost wholly bad. Life, with Dickens, seems *good*, and even the evil can somehow be turned to and redeemed by the good. Smollett's works contain many attacks upon living people, *e.g.* Garrick, Lyttleton, Fielding, Quin. Dickens is wonderfully free from this, even his treatment of Walter Savage Landor, whose temper was proverbial, in the character of Laurence Boythorn, is kindly. The humour of tavern life appealed to both of them, but Smollett brings out the disgusting and truculent, and Dickens the sociable and good-fellowship side. Smollett, as doctor, was physical rather than metaphysical, saw the prosaic and not the poetic side of life. The loss of a little daughter at Chelsea, when she was only fifteen years of age, may have soured him, and he was never the same man again. Also his bad health, his chronic rheumatism, and a neglected ulcer, as they shortened his days so they accounted for some of his dark views of life. It is good to think that Dickens who read his books as a small boy could say "whatever harm was in some of them, it was not there for me, I knew nothing of it." His fecundity of imagination, his readiness of composition, his act of weaving stories—these may very well have helped to point young Charles Dickens towards that literary career which produced novels of far greater value to humanity than those of Tobias Smollett.

THE BI-CENTENARY OF LITTLE DORRIT'S CHURCH

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, the great Dickensian landmark in the Borough, celebrated its two hundredth anniversary in May last, when representatives of The Dickens Fellowship were present.

The Rector, the Rev. C. E. Cook, opened the service by extending a hearty welcome to all and particularly to The Dickens Fellowship, the first official visit in his recollection.

In his discourse the Bishop of Southwark (Dr. Parsons) said that "during the centuries many notable people had been connected with St. George's. As regards the present building, I am particularly glad to think that a man so universally loved for his humanity and hate of oppression knew this Church well and probably worshipped in it. I am referring of course to the great Charles Dickens who himself suffered much during part of his boyhood and lived in Lant Street at the time his father was in the Marshalsea Prison. Dickens wrote about this Church and no doubt often visited it."

MR. PICKWICK LOOKS BACK OVER A HUNDRED YEARS

BY S. J. RUST

ONE hundred years ! How long it sounds ! Yet how short it may be ! Some centuries have left the date book blank, so phemeral have been their momentous moments, so local their earth-disturbing shocks. But these last hundred years have seen such changes as to justify the future historian in declaring that ere their advent the world stood still.

When, at that ever memorable meeting of the Pickwick Club, I pointed out that "travelling was then in a troubled state," and that stage coaches were upsetting in all directions, horses were bolting, oats were over-turning, and boilers were bursting," one member of the club, Mr. Blotton, accused me of being a humbug—in the Pickwickian sense. But I am sure that if I had endeavoured to convey to my fellow members a conception of the state which travelling has reached a hundred years later, they would, one and all, have voted me a humbug in every sense of the word.

I should need to picture the hundreds of steam-driven trains each carrying more passengers than all our stage-coaches added together, rushing through the country at six or eight times the speed of our fastest coaches.

I must go on to show how our quiet old country lanes have been transformed into great highways, five or six times their old width, in order that streams of oil-driven cars may rush past one another at speeds incredible to my old friends. I must further show that when, in order to avoid the multiplication of accidents, your governing powers order the speed to be limited to something more than twice the velocity of a very fast horse, the drivers cry out that real progress is hampered.

Yet the whole is not told. All the roads on the surface of the land cannot satisfy your demand for rushing about. So I must depict you burrowing under the surface so that electrically driven trains may follow one another every few minutes carrying their hundreds of passengers with a continuous deafening roar through sceneless pipes.

Still there remains more that I must tell. All your roads, public and private, above ground and under ground, are not sufficient to satisfy your craving for rapid transportation ; so you must fly through the air at a speed that makes the fastest bird seem retrograde, and you rush across a continent twixt breakfast and supper.

What a picture ! All these motor cars, bicycles, and motor cycles, the steam trains and the electric trains, the petrol-driven omnibuses and the electric trams, each with its own discordant noise and its own offensive smell, rushing bewilderingly in all directions ! Then in the air your airships, aeroplanes, and helicopters, and on the waters those great floating cities, the steamships and oil-ships, with speedy motor-boats chasing by them, and sinister submarines diving beneath,

all enter a picture at which my friends would hurl scornful questions : " Would you have us believe that our great-grandchildren will never rest ? " " Will they have nothing to do but to rush from one place to another ? "

If I then went on to tell them that to this craze for rapid transport you sacrifice hundreds of lives a day, and injure many more thousands, and that, unlike those sacrificed to other Juggernauts, your victims include all classes, old and young, rich and poor, the bravest of heroes, the best-beloved of queens, the wisest of statesmen, and the gentlest of saints—then I should be met with the cry, " Enough ! This is beyond all reason. Would you have us believe that all the sane people will have been locked up in Bedlam ? "

Such a mournful subject is better fitted for the reflections of a certain Dismal Jemmy whom I met on Rochester Bridge than for those of a sunny temperament ; so I turn to a happier phase, to that wonderful miracle when from all parts of the world, from the farthest settlements of Canada, from New Zealand and Australia, from Central Africa, from India, and from remote islands, men spoke to their king, congratulating him on a reign of a quarter of a century, each taking up the rostrum with less delay than separates the speakers at our club debates. I would love to tell them how the world listened to the king's reply, his words being heard on the other side of the globe in less time than the call of the church bell takes to reach the ear of the hurrying worshipper.

If I could convince my fellow members that this is something more than a trick, and that by means of the same miracle, an important event happening in one part of the world is known in almost every house in all other parts of the world more quickly than our quickest messenger could have carried similiar news from one side of London to the other, I can picture their amazement. Again when I show that a ship in distress may call, by the same means, to vessels far out of sight, I can conceive their enthusiasm. And when they realise that these miracles result from those toy experiments with which Michael Faraday used to interest us, but which we of the club could never regard as serious contributions to the economic life of the world, I can imagine their delight.

Your progress gives us many causes to marvel. Not only does your conquest of electricity, with its telegraphy, its telephony, its wireless waves, its magical light, and its inexplicable transport, astonish us. Equally miraculous is your photography. Can it be that we saw the struggling birth of this art ? You may remember that my servant, Sam Weller, wrote of the " profeel machine," that it " finished a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter." Can we claim that this was the fore-runner of photography ? It is now highly diverting to think that while I was carrying out my researches into the habits of Tittlebats, Daguerre was dreaming of fixing the pictures which he saw in his camera, and his wife consulted the great chemist, Dumas, to enquire whether her husband could be sane and yet enter-

tain such dreams. To us it seemed that only a madman could hope to fix the fleeting glance, to imprison a glimpse, and to solidify a sun-beam. Very few of us had the calm philosophical mind of Dumas to reply, "in the present state of our knowledge we are unable to fix the pictures which we see within the camera; but I cannot say that it will always be impossible, or set down as mad one who seeks to do so."

How far you have progressed beyond the dreams of Daguerre! He but hoped to fix the still aspect, the statuesque pose, the frozen gesture; but you have made all movement captive. Gracefulness and clumsiness, the unconscious gesture of a baby and the studied elegance of an actress, the flight of a bird and the creeping of a reptile—each is preserved to be studied and enjoyed at your leisure. Opacity is now relative, as you look through skin and flesh to tell the surgeon what in our day he could learn only by dangerous probing.

Nor do you stop here. Not content with recording moving scenes, you capture the passing sound. The song of a vocalist, the music of a band, the gamut of a nightingale, or the chirp of a cricket, you are preserving for generations to hear long after the performers have passed away.

These are but a fraction of your marvellous achievements, which make my old colleagues envy their descendants who live in this happy age. But, with it all, are you happier? I wonder. May I ask the opinions of my fellow Pickwickians?

The hearty laugh of my friend Farmer Wardle rings in my ear as I hear his reply, "Happier? Well, come down to Manor Farm, Dingley Dell, and judge for yourself. I hear the crops are bigger than they were in my day. That's all to the good. But things have changed. Mind you, we grumbled in my day. Anyone who may see months of hard work brought to nothing by the vagaries of the weather or the fecundity of insects learns to grumble. My fellow-farmer grumbled with a prosperous looking grin on his face; but when this new farmer talks of tithes, and rates and taxes, his grumble's a whine, and his grin sardonic.

"On all sides change! The very animals have changed. The horse has made way for horse-power; the cow has become subject to lady-like diseases; and the pig's as pampered as a pet dog.

"The labourer has changed. With us he was unlettered and slow—slow of movement, slow of speech, and, I dare say, slow of thought; but there was straight-forwardness in his ploughing; there was benevolence in his gesture as he scattered the seed; he showed grace and rhythm as he reaped with the scythe; and poetry of motion as he threshed with a flail. Can you claim such poetry of motion for your book-learned farm-hand, as, encased in overalls that smell of stale grease, he goes farming with a spanner and an oil-can, to plough with a coughing tractor, to drill the seed into disciplined lines, to mow down the harvest with an engine that rattles, or to thresh out the corn with one that moans?

"The very language of the land has changed. Fertility and sterility are reversed; and the local Town Planning Authority has

'sterilised' the fertile Mullin's Meadows by refusing to permit them being covered by houses. New Zealand, to us the most remote of countries where only the bravest of missionaries dared to land, now undersells Dingley Dell butter in Muggleton shops. Where I pastured my cows, this modern farmer 'pasteurises' his milk, and tells me that every pint of my milk was peopled by millions of creatures that gave disease to those who drank it. I can only reply that those who drank my milk were rosy-checked boys and girls, who grew into healthy and sturdy men and women, and often reached a ripe old age; and I defy your pasteurised babies to equal them."

Mr. Tracy Tupman takes up the challenge of Farmer Wardle's closing remarks by pointing to the girls of 1936. "Why, our women were pigmies beside these magnificent short-haired girls. Go into the public parks and see young girls turning cart-wheels and running on their hands with all the grace and ease of a finished acrobat. Watch their elder sisters play games with zest and pace that puts their brothers to shame. Then look at the young women—athletic, learned, graceful, capable, confident, elegant—whatever diet produced them deserves nothing but praise.

"With all her attainments, all her new freedom, all her strength, and all her power, the modern woman must be superlatively happy; but her lover—? Who but a superman can murmur sweet nonsense into the ear of a beautiful creature when he is aware that she may have flown to Australia, or swum the Channel, or slain eagles and albatrosses on the golf links, or gained applause in the five continents by her tennis, or written philosophical treatises, or made scientific discoveries, or managed huge businesses, or performed delicate surgical operations, or conducted bills through parliament, or done any of those hundred and one things that place woman immeasurably beyond the reach of ordinary men?"

There is something in the atmosphere of a witness box which affects the nerves of Mr. Nathaniel Winkle; so that it is not surprising if his evidence appears halting and vacillating. On the one hand, he holds that the twentieth-century sportsman must be happy to behold such exhibitions of skill as Hobbs facing Verity at the Oval, or Hendren playing Freeman at Lords, or Woolley in form at Canterbury, or Bradman anywhere, or the Arsenal *versus* Sunderland, or the All Blacks playing the pick of the world, or Perry opposed to Crawford, or Gordon Richards in a neck-to-neck race, or similar protagonists in other fields of sport. On the other hand, he deplores the disparity between the spectators and the participators in sport.

Winkle is not inclined to share Tupman's enthusiasm for the prowess of sportswomen. Like many others he loved to pose as a sportsman before the ladies; but who could pose on a golf-course before Joyce Wethered, or at Wimbledon in the presence of the two Helens? Nor, in the light of his recorded performances, can Winkle pose as a horseman before a lady M.F.H., or as an expert shot before a woman who has won a cup at Bisley, or as a swan-like skater before a girl figure-skating champion.

The last of our Pickwickians, Mr. Augustus Snodgrass, protests against the association of a poet with happiness. "Anyone," he



THE FAGIN OF FRANCE AFTER CONDEMNATION.

(Slightly altered from "OLIVER TWIST.")

"GOOD BOY, D'ARRE; WELL DONE," HE MUMBL'D. "MONTPENNIER, TOO! - HA! HA! HA! MONTPENNIER, TOO!
 QUITE THE GENTLEMAN NOW—" * * * "AN OLD MAN, MY LORD; A VERY OLD, OLD MAN!"

A Cartoon by John Leech in "Punch," 2nd October, 1847

(See Page 184)

declares, "who dwells upon 'Man's inhumanity to man' cannot but be melancholy. If we admit that a poet's distress may have degrees

of comparison, it must surely reach the superlative in this age when the bustle of life bans serious thought, and when oblivion-seeking distraction masquerades as pleasure.

"The muses, finding themselves imprisoned in mechanism, and reflected hideous and distorted, rebel, and mock man's endeavour. Music abhors tune in seeking the jazzing lightness or the crooning moan. Dancing abandons grace in a laborious search for the primitive. Sculpture denies all beauty but distortion. Literature tries to laugh away her loss of dignity, and to pretend that to be bedraggled is to be free. The drama, seeking tragedy by murdering grammar, has forsaken Marlowe's mighty line for the crudity of 'She done him wrong.' Surely never was poet less happy than now."

Such are the views of my four friends. I feel that each has looked at the subject from too narrow a point of view. It may be recalled that, on the morning when we Pickwickians set out on our first journey of research, as I looked out of my window and saw nothing on every hand but Goswell Street, I meditated, "Such are the narrow views of those philosophers who, content with examining the things that lie before them, look not at the truths which are hidden beyond." I now fear that each of my friends, the farmer, the lover, the sportsman, and the poet, has looked only into his own narrow Goswell Street.

I will, therefore, endeavour to answer my own question. I find the world unhappy because it is suffering from the indigestion which must follow too gluttonous a devouring of the fruit of the tree of knowledge; but, from the conversations I have had with many earnest men and women, I am sure that that indisposition is only a temporary one, and that such happiness as the world has never yet known awaits the coming generation.

THE MELBOURNE DICKENS EXHIBITION

THE Melbourne Branch celebrated the Pickwick Centenary by a very fine exhibition of Dickensiana in the McAllan Gallery of the National Gallery. The opening on April 2nd was by Mr. Alfred Bright, C.B.E., President of the National Gallery. Mr. E. R. Pitt (Librarian) represented the Public Library. Two papers were read, one by Mr. C. R. Long, M.A., on "Dickens's connections with Australia," and the other by Mr. W. G. Southwell on *The Pickwick Papers*. The exhibition remained open until the end of April; numerous visitors saw with keen interest and much pleasure the various editions of Dickens's works on view, particularly one of *Pickwick* in the original green covers. On the afternoon of April 29th Mr. Southwell gave a final talk on "Dickens and the Theatre" in which he described appreciatively the well-remembered efforts of Dickens both as a playwright and as an actor. Catalogues of the exhibits were eagerly purchased at a small cost and are doubtless being carefully preserved.

The highest honour in the stamp world has fallen to Mr. R. J. G. Collins, a member of the Committee of the Christchurch Branch, his name having been added to the roll of distinguished philatelists. This honour is awarded each year to 3 persons only throughout the world.

G. K. CHESTERTON

BY PATRICK BRAYBROOKE, F.R.S.L.

IT is early as yet to make any attempt to estimate the permanent place that Mr. Chesterton will occupy in English literature. Some may suggest that it will be as a poet, some that it will be as an eccentric novelist, others will demand that it will be in the realms of Catholic apologetic writings that he will leave his permanent mark. I have an idea that it may be as a serious literary critic that Chesterton will be longest remembered, at least by those who make any real study of his various books.

Thirty years have passed since Chesterton published his brilliant study of Charles Dickens. During those years more and more has been written about the great Victorian novelist. Yet I wonder if any writer has got at the essential Dickens as Chesterton did when he gave us his closely reasoned study. He made it clear that Dickens was great because he was Dickens, he was great because he created Mr. Pickwick, he was great because he created characters in a fashion that none of his contemporaries could.

There was much in Chesterton that was similar in Dickens. Both were interested in people before all else. Both loved the idea of hospitality. Both were in love with a merry England, and both really did belong to the days when the roads were picturesque in that any corner might reveal the coming of a stage-coach. Both loved Christmas, and both hated cruelty and the oppression of the poor by the rich.

Sometimes Chesterton was just a little cross with Dickens and found that he was inclined to engage in literary quarrels. But if so the mood so soon passed and Chesterton discovered that Dickens was ever and ever creating immortal characters—characters who were quite determined to step out from their book covers and mingle with thousands who never read about them.

Mr. Pickwick was a fairy, so Chesterton told us, and we suddenly realised that there was something extraordinarily true in the description. And who could define the "popularity" so well as Chesterton when he wrote that Dickens literally called out to the people in a way that no statesman had ever been able to do. He saw Dickens quoted as men quote the Bible or Shakespeare sometimes without being quite aware whom they were quoting.

Again and again Chesterton showed his penetrating understanding of Dickens, when, for example, he mentioned that the great novelist conquered the world with minor characters. That was so true, it was Chesterton telling us that Dickens was a perfect and careful literary artist.

Chesterton never for one moment had any idea but that the fame of Dickens would be permanent. He predicted that as the years passed on so his permanent fame would grow and continue to grow. That he was right seems to be borne out more and more.

I do not know of any literary critic who was so apt in defining the greatness of Dickens as was Chesterton. Thus he told us that "he

held a kind of literary day of judgment" and that "he distributed bad characters as punishments and good characters as rewards."

I do not think I am exaggerating if I say that Chesterton's study of Charles Dickens was unique. He saw things which others seemed to have missed. He explained aspects of Dickens which had been either misunderstood or wilfully ignored. He criticised Dickens when he thought criticism was merited and he praised him with that praise which is homage without being unbalanced adulation. Chesterton painted one of the clearest portraits of Dickens that had ever been painted.

* * * * *

The lamented death of Chesterton must cause great sorrow to all members of The Dickens Fellowship. Chesterton had that love of humanity which was possessed by Dickens. He loved the ordinary man and the ordinary woman as did Dickens. He saw man made in the Image of God and he saw man, as did Dickens, often lost in a fog.

Chesterton loved Charles Dickens and he has gone home to meet the great Victorian novelist who had passed away so many years before him. The stress and strain of the world has ended for both of them. But in the Inn that exists at the end of the long winding English road they will be found together, two men of literary genius who gave all their priceless gifts for the betterment of humanity.

SOLOMON BELL THE RAREE SHOWMAN

NO sooner had the month of July, 1836, passed and shown that *Pickwick* was destined to be a great success, than Dickens received offers of work from other publishers; among these was Thomas Tegg, who proposed that Dickens should write a booklet entitled "Solomon Bell, the Raree Showman." The following correspondence has been preserved; the letters of 9th and 11th August are now printed for the first time, through the courtesy of Count de Suzannet.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Tegg and will furnish him with an immediate answer to his proposal if he will previously favour him with a few lines of information upon the following points:—

1st, of *about* how much matter the Book is to be composed.
2nd, when it is to be produced.

3rd, what amount of remuneration Mr. Tegg proposes for the author.

And lastly whether Mr. Tegg wishes it to appear as the work of "Boz."

The idea described by Mr. Tegg, Mr. Dickens perfectly understands.

15, Furnival's Inn.

Tuesday Morning [9 August 1836].

On receipt of the information required, Dickens wrote to Tegg asking

one hundred and twenty pounds for the work. Tegg bargained with him for one hundred pounds as the next two letters make clear.

15, Furnival's Inn.

Wednesday Morning.

[10 August 1836].

Dear Sir,

I have made the nearest calculation in my power of the length of the little work you speak of; and guiding my own demand by the nature of the arrangements I am in the habit of making with other booksellers, I could not agree to do it for less than a hundred and twenty pounds.

I am not aware what the profit is upon this description of book, or whether it would or would not, justify you in such an outlay. If it would I should be prepared to produce the whole by Christmas—the sale at that time of year, I apprehend, would be important.

For many reasons I should agree with you in not wishing the name of "Boz" to be appended to the work.

I shall be most happy to receive your answer before I leave town, which will most probably be on Wednesday next.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Thomas Tegg Esq.

15, Furnival's Inn.

Thursday, August 11th 1836.

Dear Sir,

I accept with pleasure your offer of *One hundred Pounds* for the child's book to be called *Solomon Bell the raree Showman* (unless we should hit upon some other title, which we should consider a more catching one) to be completed by me, by Christmas next; and to consist of about the same number of pages, and the same quantity of matter, as "*Peter Parley's tales*."

I am

Dear Sir,

Faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS.

Thomas Tegg Esqre.

For some reason at present unexplained, Dickens did not furnish Tegg with the book. In 1839 this publisher brought out a book with the title of "*Sergeant Bell and his Raree-show*," but it was not written by Dickens. The only possible reason we can find for Dickens declining the work after all, is that a very few weeks later, August 22nd to be exact, he signed a contract with another publisher, Richard Bentley, for a novel, which with his other work would fully occupy his time; this contract was printed in *The Dickensian*, 1935, p. 246.



UNIQUE ITEMS IN THE DICKENS COLLECTIONS

8. THE LATE CHAS. J. SAWYER COLLECTION (in the possession of his son)

MANUSCRIPTS

THE CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.
EMIGRATION.

PRESENTATION COPIES

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. First Edition. Morocco. 1839.
Inscribed

*Thomas Hill Esquire.
From His Faithfully
Charles Dickens.*

BARNABY RUDGE. Morocco. 1841. Inscribed (in the writing of
Augustus)

*Augustus N. Dickens' Wedding Gift from
his brother, the Author.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. First Edition. Original cloth. Inscribed
Miss Burdett Coutts

*From
Charles Dickens.
Seventeenth December 1843.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. Original cloth. Second Edition. Signed
Charles Dickens.

(Copy presented to Miss Birkinshaw.)

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH. First Edition. 1846. Original
cloth. Inscribed

*Count D'Orsay
From his Friend
Charles Dickens.*

Christmas 1845.

HARD TIMES. Original cloth. 1854. Presented to Rev. W.
Harness, accompanied by a letter from Dickens stating :

*Yes, the book came from me, I could not put a memorandum
to that effect on the title page in consequence of being here. (Boulogne,
19th August 1854.)*

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA. Unbound part as issued. 1860.
Inscribed

*Wilkie Collins Esquire.
From*

Charles Dickens.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. Second Edition. 1861.
Inscribed

*George Eliot.
From Charles Dickens.
January 1861.*

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. Library Edition. 2 Vols. Original cloth. 1866. Accompanied by a letter, 2nd December 1868.

My dear Poole,

I will come up to you on Friday, bringing with me the largest typed Pickwick extant.

Faithfully ever C.D.

COLLECTIONS OF LETTERS to Mrs. Eliza Davis (on the Jewish people). Clarkson Stanfield, etc., and Family Correspondence, 1868-1902.

ORIGINAL AGREEMENT signed by Dickens for the tenancy of Devonshire Terrace, 1839.



IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

A THOUGHT AT EVENSONG—MARCH 29TH, 1836

THREE Wizards lie in Westminster,
No sculptured marbles show
In polished phrase, from classic tongue
Whose ashes rest below
The stones, by which so many feet
Tread daily to and fro.

Around are crowded sepulchres
Of men, so good and great :
Kings, warriors, priests, philosophers,
Rulers of Church and State.
No marvel that, on cherub cheeks
Stone teardrops weep their fate !

Some three score years and six have sped
Since the midmost " Mage " laid down
The magic pen, wherewith he wrote
True tales of London Town
That won for him, the wide world o'er,
" Love " and not mere " Renown " !

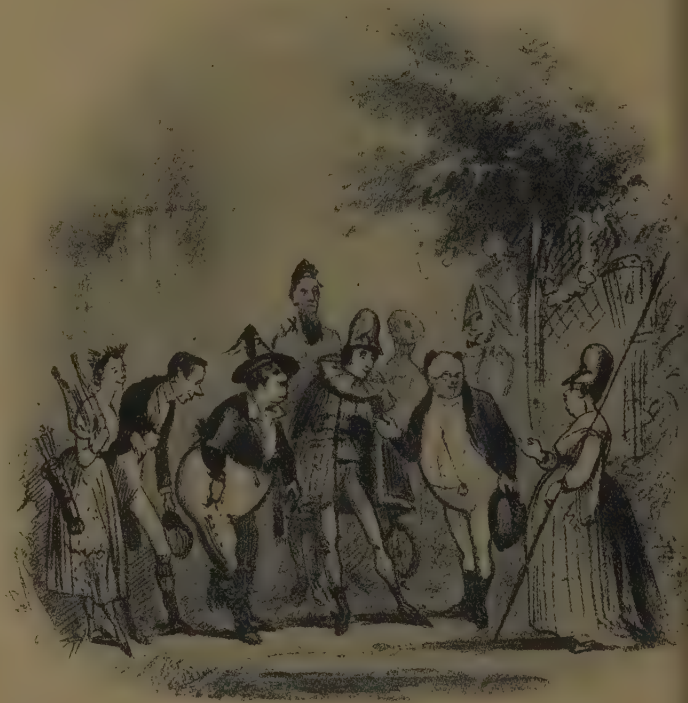
A wizard of the countryside
To right of him is laid,
A chronicler of Rustic Folk,
Of " Tess," the tragic maid,
And echoes from great battlefields,
And men, who empires swayed.

And meet it is a " West " Minster
Should serve as place of Rest
For one who wove a web of words
That captured East and West.
For Dickens, Hardy, Kipling,
Their Maker's Name be blest !

FLORENCE TYLEE.

DICKENS'S INSTRUCTIONS TO "PHIZ" FOR THE PICKWICK ILLUSTRATIONS

IT is common knowledge that Dickens was first approached to write letterpress to Seymour's drawings; that he demurred at so doing, and was given a free hand. The association lasted only a few weeks; Buss was responsible for the illustrations in the third number,



*I think it would be better, if Pickwick had held
of the Banditi's arm. If Minerva tried to look a
little younger (more like Mrs. Pott - who is perfect) I think
it would be an additional improvement*

and then replaced, in Number Four, by Hablot K. Browne, better known as "Phiz." Between "Phiz" and Dickens there was henceforth the closest association for many years, and there are several letters of Dickens in existence showing how author and artist worked together during the whole period.

Many of the original drawings of "Phiz" for *The Pickwick Papers* are in existence; four of them are endorsed with Dickens's instructions for their improvement, and are reproduced on this and pages 268 and 283.



I think the Sargeant should look younger, and a great deal more sly, and knowing — he should be looking at Pickwick too, smiling compassionately at his innocence. The other fellows are noble — C.B.

of the present number. They originally formed part of the collection of Sir Stuart Samuel, which went to America some years ago, and later two of them found their way into the Jerome Kern Library. Very high prices were paid for the drawings when they were sold in 1929, \$7,500 for the one depicting the interview with Sergeant Snubbin, and \$5,000 for that of Mr. Winkle's return.



*are Sam and the housemaid clearly made out; and
 then if he were looking on with his arm round
 I rather question the accuracy of the houseman*

MIDLAND REGIONAL GROUP SUMMER MEETING

THE summer meeting of the Midland Regional Group was held on Saturday, June 13th, when over a hundred members met at Smedley's Hydro, Matlock. After a truly Dickensian meal, a short meeting was held in the Winter Garden and the extensive grounds were visited. Sunshine and satisfaction marked the whole of the proceedings.

A REMARKABLE FIND*

SOME few months ago a member of the Bath Branch of the Fellowship picked up from the pavement outside the General Post Office, some loose sheets of paper, which were lying near the blue letter-box belted "Air Mail." The sheets measured about 5 inches by 4, and evidently formed part of a pocket diary, which had been dropped by the owner, and possibly mutilated by a dog in search of food or fun. On the front page were printed the words "If found, kindly turn to . . ." followed by two lines of faintly decipherable pencil writing. A close examination at the home of the finder revealed that the diary's owner was a certain "Alfred Jingle," a gentleman whose "Reformation" after a series of more or less discreditable adventures, was undertaken by the philanthropic Mr. Pickwick. The address was entirely illegible, but when held for a few minutes in the warm hand of an ardent Dickensian, the rest of the apparently blank pages were found to be covered with a species of cryptic writing, evidently in sympathetic ink-pencil, invisible to any but members of the Fellowship. An expert shorthand writer was able, with some difficulty, to decipher these valuable pages, and after writing them out in longhand, with what "boon and a blessing," a Pickwick Pen, very properly forwarded them to the "Dickensian." How the diary came to be dropped in the place where it was found is a mystery, but it may have had some relation to the fact that the finder, when a child, had seen Charles Dickens standing on the opposite side of the street gazing thoughtfully at the spot where the Air Mail Letter-box now stands. It may be remembered that owing to Mr. Pickwick's kind offices, Mr. Jingle obtained an appointment in Demerara, probably in the Consular Service, combined with some dealings in "Spirits."

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF ALFRED JINGLE

(Late of Demerara, British Guiana)

- 1st. Urgent call to "Mansions," My Preserver, much perturbed—Fresh arrival—News from Bath—Town Council Epidemic—Bilious Fever—Worse than Yellow Jack, Demerara 1837—Earthquake shakes "Mineral Water Hospital"—Doctors Differ—
- 2nd. Telegram—Censored—Blacked out—Science Marvels—Read by Expert—Circus sold to Drug Company, Plan to rebuild—"World's Palatial Pill Box"—Doctors despair.
- 3rd. "Higher Sphere"? Celestial Periodical? Picture—Proposed Lido on Site of Abbey—My Preserver shocked—demands "What is a Lido?" A. J. ignorant—Refer to Editor—Ed. lies low.
- 4th.—S.O.S. from Mansions—"Royal Crescent—Chromium Pillars—Greyhound Race Track—Winkle Teas—Fun Fair on Lawn"!
- 5th. Fresh news from Special Correspondent, "Higher Sphere." President U.S.A. offers "New Deal"—Assembly Rooms to be taken down, stones carefully numbered and shipped to America

* Owing probably to the agitation caused by the attempt to modernise a City not rotten by Mr. Pickwick.

on the first voyage of the "Queen Mary"—all fittings, including the card table—to be rebuilt on Coney Island—"John Wood Tertius to be in charge—Free passage and permission to reside permanently in the States—Slightly damaged "Woolworth Premises" in part payment. To be re-erected on vacant site as "Britain's Biggest Book Store," "not to cost the City or penny!"

My Preserver horrified—says firmly—"Jingle, this must be stopped—we will go to Bath. I will show you Bath." A.J. delighted. Heard Bath charming place—Fine Buildings—Fine Girls—Fine Bath Chaps—Oliver Biscuits—Good Buns—Warm as Demerara—Central heating—Start at once—How? Jump seats on Air Mail? M. P. says "Humbug! Coach—Horses—Driver." A. J. says—"Phaeton" crashed—Horses extinct—Coach in Museum—No drivers—only Pilots—M. P. says "Very well, put Captain Cuttle in charge." Agree—(apparently) Free seats if no "Dickensians" on board, as invisible to others—Lucky—only Passengers, reading "Daily Mail" and "Penguins"—Unrecognised!

Good journey—M. P. owns some advantages—No low arch ways—Heads saved! Time saved! Points out lovely views of "Bath from the Air" B.C. 1936 (Query "Bath Chronicle")—Good landing at "Proposed Aerodrome."

Here there seem to be several pages missing and the next entry reads:

"My Preserver Puzzled—cannot find the 'White Hart'—on site, as he remembers, a large hotel—Looks dear, very dear—'half a crown if you look at the waiter'—Still unrecognised—No enquiries answered—Awkward—M. P. finds Parade—Building with 'Portico' gone—says, 'Now in Orange Grove—No oranges!' Rum Place—Regret Demerara—Abbey still standing—much relieved—M. P. points out Guildhall—Wonderful Place! Centre of Wisdom—Urbane gentleman, with white hair and blue eyes hurries down steps at entrance—At last a Dickensian! He bows reverentially, then seizes My Preserver's hand. 'Mr. Pickwick! Welcome once again to Bath!'—Touching scene—urbane gentleman at once conducts us on tour of City. Start at Pump Room—several Dickensians there—join in welcome. Loving Cup handed round, filled to brim with hot water! Rum taste! no rum—again regret Demerara—rum place! Tour continued to Royal Crescent and Circus. Find all safe and many houses 'labelled' for better Preservation—but no label on house where M. P. resided for a time—M. P. somewhat annoyed. Our guide promises oversight shall be remedied if M. P. will indicate which house—He at once... complied—(Unfortunately our Expert has found it impossible to decipher the figures given.) Talking very fast—all but Guide out of breath. He suggests return to City through beautiful Park, past Bowling Greens—M. P. declines—says firmly—'I am now convinced that even the Most, High Class Paper can allow errors to creep into its columns—Rejoice to find Bath not yet changed beyond my recognition—But one anxiety is yet unrelieved—Pray conduct me to that

wonderful building where I once spent a delightful if agitated evening—The Bath Assembly Rooms."

Here most regrettably the entries cease. The rest of the page is blank. But it is much to be hoped that Mr. Pickwick's anxiety concerning the scene of the famous Card Party has been relieved by the news that the unique Assembly Rooms, so long the resort of the health and Fashion of Bath, are to be carefully restored and, owing to the munificence of a private benefactor, are now the property of the City, and will probably be in a state to welcome him on his next visit which we understand may occur at no very distant date.

FLORENCE TYLEE.

DICKENS ON "BARDELL v. PICKWICK"

MR. F. W. ASHLEY in "My Sixty Years in the Law," to which reference was made in our last number, has unearthed an interesting speech made by Dickens at the Anniversary Festival of the United Law Clerks' Society in June 1849, when Lord Chief Baron Alcock was in the chair.

The following account is taken from the "Legal Observer" for June 23rd, 1849:—

"The Chairman proposed the health of Mr. Charles Dickens. In adopting this toast they would be doing homage to genius. Mr. Dickens was one of the profession. He was a member of the Middle Temple. He half regretted the day that made him (the Chief Baron) a judge because he left Mr. Dickens behind. It would be a waste of time on his part to enlarge upon the merits of that gentleman. It was sufficient to pronounce his name, for his genius was felt in all their breasts—his glowing words were in their memories and found their way to every heart.

"Mr. C. Dickens, in returning thanks, said he was deeply sensible of the warmth and earnestness of the welcome he had received this evening and of the distinguished compliment which had been paid to him by the Lord Chief Baron. He had been requested to propose a toast upon this occasion, and he did not know for what reason, unless it were that he was a law student without ever having studied the law, or he had once had the honour of being connected with a case, which was an action for breach of promise of marriage—and which was only reported in one book—a case in which, he confessed, the pleadings, the evidence, the summing up and the verdict were all equally wrong. He was extremely glad to be present because it afforded him an opportunity of entering into personal explanations. Some time ago a gentleman had written to him stating that he thought he (Mr. Dickens) had been 'rather hard' upon the profession and it would be an agreeable sacrifice to offend justice if he would come there and confess that he did not mean what he said. He was now ready to plead to that accusation.

"Mr. Dickens then made some amusing observations on the subject of Pleading, and facetiously alluded to the character of Dick Swiveller as connected with the law. He concluded by proposing 'The Bar and the Profession.' Mr. Ballantine returned thanks."

EARLY PROPAGANDA

SUNDAY UNDER THREE HEADS was Dickens's first piece of propaganda. It was for the reform of the English Sunday, which has seen its full realisation only during the last few years, when the public parks were thrown open for games.

Chapman and Hall were the publishers, but Dickens withheld both his name and that of his pseudonym "Boz." This time he chose the more everyday name of "Timothy Sparks" as his nom-de-plume.

The scope of the book is well described by its long sub-title: "Sunday as it is—as Sabbath Bills would make it—and as it might be made." It was dedicated to the Bishop of London in the following terms:

To The Right Reverend The Bishop of London.

My Lord,

You were among the first, some years ago, to expatiate on the vicious addiction of the lower classes of society to Sunday excursions; and were thus instrumental in calling forth occasional demonstrations of those extreme opinions on the subject, which are very generally received with derision, if not with contempt.

Your elevated station, my Lord, affords you countless opportunities of increasing the comforts and pleasures of the humbler classes of society—not by the expenditure of the smallest portion of your princely income, but by merely sanctioning with the influence of your example their harmless pastimes and innocent recreations.

That your Lordship would ever have contemplated Sunday recreations with so much horror, if you had been at all acquainted with the wants and necessities of the people who indulged in them, I cannot imagine possible. That a Prelate of your elevated rank has the faintest conception of the extent of those wants, and the nature of those necessities, I do not believe.

For these reasons, I venture to address this little pamphlet to your Lordship's consideration. I am quite conscious that the outlines I have drawn afford but a very imperfect description of the feelings they are intended to illustrate; but I claim for them one merit—their truth and freedom from exaggeration. I may have fallen short of the mark, but I have never overshot it; and while I have pointed out what appears to me to be injustice on the part of others, I hope I have carefully abstained from committing it myself.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

humble servant,

Timothy Sparks.

June 1836.

The book did not receive much attention at the hands of the reviewers, but the notices are well worth recording.

"The Weekly Despatch" on July 3rd, 1836, said:

Sunday Under Three Heads. Chapman and Hall, Strand.

"Here is a very sensible little book representing Sunday as it is, as Sabbath Bills would make it and as it might be made. The book is dedicated to the Bishop of London in a strain of deservedly severe animadversions on the narrow views, and bigoted inconsistencies of that Right Reverend and well-paid Prelate; and the author takes precisely those views of the alleged profanation of the Sabbath, and of the efforts of Agnew fanatics to get bills passed for its better observance, which we have invariably maintained in this paper, viz. that Sunday is already as well observed as it can be consistently with the comforts and health of the many, and that all efforts to increase the gloom of that day, by penal restrictions against harmless recreation and necessary labour, will be injurious and not beneficial to religion. Our author first shows that the relaxations of air and exercise—of travelling by steamboat or coach, or on foot, which the working people of our large towns and of London in particular, enjoy on the Sunday, are essential to health, and by no means inconsistent with the decent observance of the Sabbath. He then expatiates on the infamous partiality and injustice of Sir Agony Agnew's last Sunday-misery bill; and he concludes by recommending the encouragement, instead of the suppression, of healthful out-door amusements on the Sunday after performance of Divine worship. We will be bold to say that there is more sound philosophy, ay, and more true Christianity, in this little book, than in all the sermons and pamphlets that have been published against Sabbath-breaking since the days of Praise God Barebones. We submit the following extracts to the serious consideration of our readers."

"The Bath Herald" of July 9th, 1836, reviewed these publications together, little knowing that "Timothy Sparks," announced as the author of *Sunday Under Three Heads* was none other than "Boz." It said:

"'The Library of Fiction No. 4.' *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club No. 4. Sunday Under Three Heads* (Chapman and Hall).

"Our readers are already acquainted, from previous notices, with the merits of the first two series, of which the humour, sentiment, and oddity, are so powerfully aided and illustrated by the graphic fancy of 'Buss,' the mighty co-operator with 'Boz.' But *Sunday Under Three Heads* is an essay *per se*. The heads are not only those metaphorical ones, under which logicians and metaphysicians arrange their ideas for perspicuity's sake, but they are *bona fide* heads, with eyes, mouths, and noses; viz. Sunday as it is, with a dirty, reckless, unwashed and unshaven face blotched and pimpled with the effects of gin bottle and the porter tankard; the next Sunday as Sabbath Bills would make it—stern and gloomy, and half maniacal; the third, Sunday as it might be made, cheerful, happy, decent and delightful. The author argues upon the Sabbath question in support of these views, and justifies the contentions of his three Sundays by very cogent reasoning, which he has addressed to no less a personage than the Bishop of London."

In "Bell's Life in London" for July 3rd, was a shorter, but equally appreciative notice:

"Sunday as it is—as Sabbath Bills would make it—and as it might be made. This little work, although of no great pretention is well written, and treats the subject on which it dwells, with good sense. The folly of 'The Saints' is happily satirised, while the true road to rational happiness is clearly pointed out. It is very humourously illustrated by engravings."

"The Brighton Guardian" for July 6th, said:

"There is no question now before the public which more pertains to the general comfort and happiness of the population, than the Sabbath question. On this subject a neat little book under the above title has just made its appearance; and unpretending as it is, it will be found on perusal to be exceedingly well written and to contain passages, descriptive of the several heads into which it is divided, which are not unworthy of the best pens in the country. The pressure of other matter prevents us from offering any extracts but we shall probably do so next week."

"The Brighton Guardian" did not, however fulfil its promise.

"The Metropolitan Magazine" for August, 1836, gave the following review:

"*Sunday Under Three Heads.* By Timothy Sparks.

"We find this very delicate subject well treated, and with that degree of moderation that is always indicative of having the right of an argument. Morality and Religion, may be, and are, prompted by judicious legislation, but legislation alone can never enforce them. There is a free spirit in the human breast that naturally turns against coercion, and of all laws, sumptuary enactments are the most irritating and most provocative of rebellious opposition. Disguise the affair under what name you will, Sabbath-enforcing, acts of parliament can be considered in no other light than that of sumptuary laws. We certainly wish for a very general circulation of the little tract now under our notice, though there is something here and there in the tone of it, which we cannot entirely approve."

W. D.



PICKWICKIANA

Although this is the last of our four *Pickwick* numbers the subject is by no means exhausted. When planning the series the Editor arranged for Mr. Newbury Frost Read to make a record of all the American editions of *The Pickwick Papers*, as a companion to the list which appeared on pages 126-8. There was no previous record of the kind to go upon, and the compilation has taken Mr. Read longer than anticipated; but it has now been completed and will appear in the next number of "The Dickensian."

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

DICKENS LEAVES "THE CHRONICLE"

ON pages 105-111 of the 1934 volume of *The Dickensian*, we fully described, for the first time, the exact manner in which the earliest writings of Dickens appeared in the periodical press, before being published in book form in February, 1836, under the title of *Sketches by Boz*.

Through the courtesy of Count de Suzannet who possesses the whole of the known correspondence between Dickens and John Easthope, the proprietor of "The Morning Chronicle," we are able to present our readers with a series of most interesting letters bearing on the subject of these sketches, and of Dickens's resignation from the staff of the paper one hundred years ago.

Dickens joined the staff of "The Morning Chronicle" in about August, 1834, and in addition to his work as a reporter, contributed to it in that year four *Street Sketches*, without extra remuneration. On the 31st January, 1835, the evening offshoot of the morning paper appeared, and in it the first of a series of twenty *Sketches of London*. On consideration of these contributions, Dickens's salary was increased from five to seven guineas weekly.

The last of these Sketches appeared in "The Evening Chronicle" on August 20th, 1835, with the mention "To be continued"; but between September 27th, 1835 and January 17th, 1836, Dickens supplied a series of *Scenes and Characters* to a weekly paper entitled *Bell's Life in London*. These were signed with the nom-de-plume "Tibbs." There is some reference to this interruption in the following letter to Easthope:

15 Furnivals Inn

Thursday Morning [May 5 1836]

My Dr Sir

I cannot forbear writing to you, to express my hope that there was nothing in the note I wrote to you, before the Easter recess, on the subject of my Sketches, which displeased you. I have waited some time for an opportunity to speak to you on this matter but as I have not found one, I resort to this expedient.

I am perfectly aware that the heavy press of other matter at this season of the year, would have rendered the insertion of the new series I commenced, a task of great difficulty: but I merely wish to remind you, that I left the arrangement entirely to you; and that I am quite willing, either now, or when the Vacation commences, to concur in any views you may entertain respecting them.

I have felt it due to myself to say, that you have greatly mistaken the spirit and meaning of my letter, if (as I almost fear you must have done) you have supposed me to entertain the slightest intention of putting you to any inconvenience, or of departing, myself, from the promise that was made to the readers of the Paper.

Begging to assure you, once more, that I shall be most happy to meet your wishes in any way—

I am

Dear Sir

Most faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

John Easthope Esqre.

Dickens's previous letter to Easthope is most probably lost; we can only hazard the guess from the reference to "the new series" that Dickens had sent in some *Sketches* as usual, and they had not been used.

Easthope's reply of a most friendly nature was as follows:

M. C. Office

Thursday

My dear Sir

Be assured I have never felt the slightest annoyance or discontent in relation to your letter—I have no feeling towards you but that of entire regard and good-will, nor any wish but to promote your Interest and comfort by every means reasonably within my power. Let us talk over all besides; after this week I shall be more at the Office in the evening.

Very faithfully yours

J. Easthope

The "New Series" commenced in "The Morning Chronicle" on September 24th, 1836, with *Meditations in Monmouth Street*, which was reprinted in "The Evening Chronicle" two days later.

On October 4th appeared *Scotland Yard*, reprinted the following day in the evening paper. On October 8th, it was printed in "The Carlton Chronicle," and the next day it appeared in "Bell's Life in London."

Doctors Commons on October 11th was also reprinted in "The Evening Chronicle." It appeared in "The Carlton Chronicle" and "Bell's Life in London." The fourth sketch *Vauxhall Gardens by Day* appeared in both Chronicles of October 26th, and in "Bell's Life in London" four days later.

This continued pirating of his work naturally annoyed Dickens, and he took the matter up with his employer in the following letter:

Furnivals Inn.

Tuesday Evening [1 November 1836]

My Dear Sir.

I perceive that "Bell's Life," "The Carlton Chronicle," and some other weekly papers, are in the habit of re-publishing my sketches from the Chronicle verbatim. As their doing so without acknowledgment, would induce many people to believe that they appeared originally in those Publications, and thereby injure both me and the Chronicle, I would submit to you that some remonstrance in the paper might have the effect of inducing the

Privateers at all events to acknowledge the source from whence they derive the articles.

I have another motive in writing to you, which is to explain why No. 5 has not yet appeared. I have been labouring under one of those severe colds which bring with them a state of semi-stupefaction, and have been wholly unable to set pen to paper for some days past. I am much better now, however, and shall prepare another sketch immediately.

I am

Dear Sir

Most Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

Envelope addressed : *Private*

John Easthope Esquire.
Morning Chronicle Office

The fifth *Sketch* never appeared. Three days after writing this letter, Dickens entered into an agreement with Richard Bentley, to edit a new monthly magazine.* *The Pickwick Papers* was doing exceedingly well, and he decided to give up journalism. Accordingly the following letter was sent to Easthope :

15 Furnivals Inn

Saturday November 5th [1836]

My Dear Sir.

In inclosing to you, the accompanying letter to the Proprietors of The Morning Chronicle, I am anxious to express to you personally, my warmest and most sincere thanks for all the courtesies and kindnesses I have received at your hands. Although I exchange for a less burdensome and more profitable employment, I can assure you that I feel great regret in leaving an Establishment where I have uniformly discharged my duties with so much pleasure to myself, and I hope I may add, with so much satisfaction to my Employers.

Notwithstanding that my time will not be very much occupied immediately, I have deemed it right to beg you to accept my notice from to-day. I only concluded my other arrangement this morning, or I should have given it before.

The additional Salary, if you please, will now cease. Between this time, and the period at which my notice will expire, I shall take care to make the number of sketches bear the proper proportion to the amount I have received. I should be happy to speak to you further on this subject, if you will have the goodness to write me word, when I may hope to see you at the office.

I am

Dear Sir

Most faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

John Easthope Esqre.

This letter makes it clear that the additional two guineas weekly did not cease during the period when neither of the two papers was

* See "The Dickensian," 1935, page 246 for a copy of the agreement.

printing one of his special sketches. The duration of the notice was one month, but before that was half through, Dickens had absented himself from the office, and was later taken ill. This came to the notice of Easthope; what that gentleman wrote to Dickens is not recorded among the papers included with these letters, but this was the letter Dickens sent him in reply :

15 Furnivals Inn.

Friday Morning [Nov 19 1836]

Dear Sir.

If you imagine that I was guilty of the least intentional disrespect in not returning to the office the other day, you do me the greatest injustice. Having left Mrs. Dickens in a shop near by; and having consumed in waiting at the office and going to Cecil Street, a much longer time than I supposed I should have been absent, I did not choose to leave her any longer in a strange place; knowing as I did how very easily I could account for my not returning (if you had thought anything of it at all, which I considered highly improbable) when I did see you. I have not called since, because I have been very ill, and have not left the house for several days, and have since been obliged to devote my whole time, morning and night, to recovering the ground I had lost by indisposition.

You will permit me to assure you, very respectfully that you are greatly mistaken in imagining that I had *forgotten* that I was to supply a Sketch *weekly*. I merely pursued the same course as I adopted when I wrote the Sketches before. We had the same agreement then, but I wrote sometimes two in one week, sometimes none, as suited my convenience, and that of the paper. The very circumstance of the revising Barristers' Courts being open at the time, assured me that the Chronicle would sustain no injury by my doing so. Its columns must have been pretty full, for on one occasion, a Sketch was lying at the office, I think three days before it was wanted. I have only to add that I shall return the six guineas with the utmost pleasure, and that I wish I could return at the same time every additional sixpence beyond my regular Salary as a reporter that I have received from the Establishment, although I have rendered in return for it, the money's worth.

I should have been well content to have left; and to have considered the constrained and abrupt terms of your former letter, as one of those matters of course which so often pass between master and servant, when the servant gives his month's warning, and takes his services elsewhere. But I will say now, in the same frankness and honesty with which you express your feelings to me, that I did expect on leaving, to receive some slight written acknowledgment from the Proprietors of the Morning Chronicle of the sense they entertained of the services I had performed. I may say now, that on many occasions at a sacrifice of health, rest, and personal comfort, I have again and again, on important expresses in my zeal for the interests of the paper, done what was always before considered impossible, and what in all probability will never be accomplished again. During the whole period of my engagement wherever there was difficult and harassing duty to be performed—travelling at a few hours' notice hundreds of miles in the depth of winter—leaving hot and crowded rooms to write, the night through,

in a close damp chaise—tearing along, and writing, the most important speeches, under every possible circumstance of disadvantage and difficulty—for that duty I have been selected. And I did not think when I made great efforts to perform it, and to eclipse (as I have done, again and again) other papers with double the means, that my reward at last would be a regret that I had ever enjoyed a few weeks' rest, and a fear lest at the close of two years, I should have received six pounds six, too much ! I have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that there is not another newspaper office in London where these services have not been watched and appreciated—that there is not one of my colleagues who will not cheerfully bear testimony to them—and with the respect and esteem of both Editors and reporters, I am happy to say that I can afford to part with the thanks of the Proprietors, although I feel much hurt, and much surprised at the conduct they think proper to pursue towards me.

Depend upon it, Sir, that if you would stimulate those about you to any exertions beyond their ordinary routine of duty, and gather round you competent successors of the young men whom you will constantly find quitting a most arduous and thankless profession, as other prospects dawn upon them, this is not the way to do it.

I am

Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours

John Easthope Esqre.

Charles Dickens

Not unnaturally, Easthope resented the tone adopted ; perhaps he remembered the part young Dickens had taken in the strike earlier in the year, and all the Pickwicks in the world were powerless to remove the sting of this parting shot of one, who in his opinion, was suffering from a swollen head.

The rough draft of his reply runs as follows—it is unfinished, and the second paragraph is crossed out :

M. C. Office Friday Nov 19.

Dear Sir

I will only say that I am sorry to have received such a letter from you as that which I have just had—I regret to hear that you are ill, and I cannot help thinking that it is to that Cause I may attribute your Irritation.

I have no copy of my note but so far as I can remember its contents I am not aware of anything contained in it calculated. . . .

It would seem that the circumstances of Dickens's resignation from the staff of the Chronicle, were not seriously resented by Easthope, for the following notice appeared in the issue of that paper for the 4th January, 1837 :

“BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.—This is the right sort of companion for old January. It is full of fun and revelry, and its merry humour sets the blood spinning with healthy alertness that defies even the present stubborn cold weather. And no wonder, when we think of the club of choice spirits who, to use the old tobacconist's legend ‘Are united in one cause.’ ‘Boz’ is the President ; and seated around the table, we find Theodore Hook,

Fenimore Cooper (author of 'The Pilot'), Father Prout, Doctor Maginn, Samuel Lover, Haynes Bayly, and the celebrated authors of 'Headlong Hall,' 'Stories of Waterloo,' 'Ratlin the Reefer,' 'Hajji Baba,' etc. These are the men to make a 'Miscellany' worthy of the best days of glorious John Dryden, and his publisher honest old Jacob Tonson."

This notice was, it appears, due to the good offices of Dickens's friend Collier; but Dickens could not be persuaded to write a line of thanks to Easthope. The "ungratefulness of young Dickens" had no doubt been complained of by the chief Proprietor, causing Collier to send a private line to Dickens, which produced the following letter in reply; it is undated, but was probably written in January, 1837.

Furnivals Inn

Friday Morning.

My Dear Collier,

I feel very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in my behalf. Nobody, I assure you, is more sincerely desirous to stand well with every one than I am; but I cannot write to thank Mr. Easthope for the notice, since I cannot retract one syllable of the letter of which he complains. It is odd that, in the correspondence which passed between us, he complains before this letter was written or thought of; the real and only ground of complaint seeming to be, that I should ever have contemplated the possibility of having anything better to do than reporting for the Chronicle.

At some pecuniary loss I gave my notice a long time before I need have done so. I knew that I could by no possibility, have anything to do for some time to come; but I was unwilling to take advantage of the system the proprietors had established, and so gave my notice at once. I acted with great fairness by them, and have nothing to atone or explain.

I am very anxious that you should now see the letter Mr. Easthope complains of, and the epistle which produced it. I am chained to Mr. Pickwick just now and cannot get away; but on Tuesday morning I hope to be at liberty, and shall take the chance of finding you at home.

I may add that, in writing to you about the Miscellany, I had not the most distant intention or idea of asking for any notice out of the ordinary course—much less had I any notion of asking a favour at Mr. Easthope's hands, knowing the difficulty of having any notice in the paper, when half-a-dozen proprietors and agents are pulling different ways, each for himself. I appealed to your kindness and friendship to me to see they did not neglect what, after all, I am strongly disposed to think they would have done with the first number of a new periodical of Bentley's, had Powell himself been the editor.

Believe me, my dear Collier

Most faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens

Six years later there was a brief resumption in the relations between Dickens and Easthope; of this we shall deal in our next number.

SOME EARLY REVIEWS OF *PICKWICK*

(RE-PRINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME)

(Continued from page 218)

II.

THE EXAMINER." 4th September, 1836.

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, by "Boz." Nos. 6. Chapman and Hall.

As a lively caricaturist, the author of these papers may take rank with some of the best comic writers in the language. In hitting off the eccentricities of life, few have excelled him. His style is fresh and racy, and has all the stamp of an original spirit.

The reader will thank us for the extracts we are about to make, if he has not already had the good fortune to meet with the papers themselves. The idea worked on is that of a "faithful record of the perambulations, perils, travels, adventures and sporting transactions of the corresponding members of a cockney club, founded by Mr. Pickwick 'for the promotion of science, the advancement of knowledge and the diffusion of learning.'" The corresponding members consist of the illustrious founder himself, whose character is sustained throughout with a very romantic gravity, and of Messrs. Tupman, Snodgrass and Winkle who are respectively distinguished by admiration of the fairer sex, a taste for poetry, and a sporting turn. The different parties play upon one another's feelings and into one another's hands—the plot of their adventures is kept up with infinite liveliness, bustle, point and interest—and many rich sources of the truly ludicrous are opened.

The nature of Mr. Pickwick's observations on the various towns that are visited, may be gathered from an abridgment of what he says in Strood, Rochester, Chatham and Brompton. His impressions of their appearance certainly does not differ in any material point from those of other travellers who have gone over the same ground.

(Extract. "The principal products . . . truly gratifying.")

Our next extract is an admirable picture of a family party. The travellers have been invited to the house of a good-humoured country gentleman, Mr. Wardle. Some sketches of character in the following description of this reception, are truly excellent for humour, force and reality.

(Extract. "A very old lady . . . replied in the affirmative.")

In his efforts to please his visitors, Mr. Wardle is careful to consult their various tastes. He proposes rook-shooting to the sport-loving Winkle, and the following scene is the result. The "fat boy" who figures in it, we should observe, is a most felicitous creation. He is a very Daniel Lambert of a boy, in fat and laziness. He goes on errands fast asleep, and snores as he waits at table.

(Extract. "This is the place . . . in his left arm.")

The various incidents that arise out of the visit of the Pickwickians to the Borough of Eatanswill, we are told with excellent whim and shrewdness. A little high-dried attorney, Mr. Perker, adviser to the Honourable Samuel Slumkey is happily sketched. He has placed

"twenty washed men" at Mr. Slumkey's door on the day of the election, for him to shake hands with, and six children in arms for him to pat on the head and enquire the age of.

(Extract. "There was a moment of awful suspense . . . procession moved on.")

We shall conclude our extracts with some specimens of the author's serious faculty. These lines are capital.

(Extract. Three verses of *The Ivy Green*.)

The stories with which the papers are interspersed are generally serious, and some of them, as the "Convict's Return" and the "Stroller's Tale" have considerable tragic power. The first glance we have at the wretched hero of the latter subject, is ghastly indeed. He is a low drunken pantomime actor at one of the minor theatres:

(Extract. "Never should I forget . . . Tumble on the stage.")

Very different in character is the "Tale of True Love" which closes the sixth and latest number. There is something more of incident and situation in this number, and something less of character, than in its predecessors. It is indeed "too full of adventure to be briefly described." Lion-hunting is whimsically ridiculed, and the benevolent and unsuspecting simplicity of "Mr. Pickwick" involves him in an awkward dilemma. The wood-cut illustrations are excellent.

Where this author places himself under the imputation of coarseness, it is only by that amount of sympathy with some portion of his subject, without which he could not enter into, or describe, as he does so thoroughly, the ludicrous eccentricities of life. Humour cannot always be refined.

"THE SATIRIST," for 11th December.

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. Edited by "Boz." No. IX. Chapman and Hall.

This, the ninth number of these amusing papers proves what we are often in the habit of observing that the more a man writes, the more he may. Nature is exhaustless, and he who draws the spirit of his works from her may go on to pour it out for ever without fear of emptying her ocean reservoir. Nay, the deeper we drink, the lower into her depths we get—the more of her "sunken rack and sumless treasures" may we discover; to say nothing of facility induced by practice—capacity from habit.

All nature's children are "alike, yet with a difference," and the womb of wit teems constantly with some new variation in the images she mints; bright and stamped in extacy. (*sic*.)

This new number of the *Pickwicks* is an illustration of what we assert. We have human nature—*flebile ludibrium*!—ludicrously portrayed, and with so striking a resemblance that we feel we look on no distortion of it. The *Pickwick Club* do not depend on "making faces" to excite our laughter—the members are not posture-masters—their wit is not manual, but "every limb is all alive with joy," and we are moved in concert. Even where the deviations into farce and coarseness are somewhat too broad, our grins cannot refrain from broadness too. The atmosphere in which the *Pickwicks* meet is laughing gas, and *Boz*, when breathing it, may be excused for some extravagances; great philosophers have been made drunk and foolish

by a draught of it. Boz may certainly play an antic now and then when Sir Humphry Davy played a hundred.

Some men cavil at these papers, and find out the mare's-nest there is but little originality about them; now, if this be true—which of course, in presence of such Solomon assurances we hesitate to doubt—we should like to know what absurdity is new to them—what farcical peculiarity—so fond as they must surely be to gaze upon their own sweet faces?

Few writers of the class which moderns will call *Boz*, in compliment lay claim to more originality than that necessary to good portrait painters. They do not aspire generally to what Fuseli was wont to call the higher class of art—the *epic* or *dramatic*—*Boz* has attempted the last and failed. Wit is not the creative faculty—it finds out resemblances and marks them brilliantly. The *Bozzi* class represent what they see—and they appear to have a special knack that way—it has run in the family since their great ancestor whom Johnson christened.

Will those wiseacres who find fault with our *Boz*'s sketches "after Sterne and Smollett," tell us which of his pictures is not even more like *life*? And will they, moreover, be so good as to inform us why was a greater literary thief than Sterne himself?—whose pilfering propensities were not satisfied with stealing naked thoughts, of noble birth, but he must have their dress—the *words* identical—filching whole pages at a time. Who now cavils at the fame of Sheridan though his impudence in theft was such that he robbed rough Churchill of his club to baste himself with in the character of *Sir Fretful Plagiary*. The well-known passage where he says that gentry of this class steal thoughts from others, and, "as gipsies do children, disfigure them to make them pass for their own!" These are Churchill's very words.

But to return to *The Pickwick Papers*; and we would willingly give our readers some portion of them, but that we are not addicted to produce a brick and swear it is a model of a handsome house. When a crop is perfect in itself, and gives a good idea of the vintage, we like our readers should have a sample—where the flavour is not lost in the extract; we will try this with the sort of stuff drank (*sic*) in the Pickwick Club now—but our limited space will not allow us to transplant whole scenes from the records of this most respectable society. Would that all other clubs had records of their doings as inoffensive and one-half as entertaining! We infinitely prefer the law of the "majestic and impartial Mr. Nupkins," as suggested and set down by Mr. Jinks, and here narrated in *The Pickwick Papers* to club laws elsewhere.

By-the-by, "Chapter XXV., showing among a variety of pleasant matters, how majestic and impartial Mr. Nupkins was," etc., is capital. The character of Squire Nupkin (*sic*)—beg pardon—"George Nupkins Esquire," magistrate, etc., of Ipswich, is only inferior to that of Mr. Jinks, his learned clerk and chamber counsel. The portraiture of the latter is so detailed and exact as to be not so much a picture as the poor unhappy brow-beaten, yet consequential (to inferiors) wretch, himself; the likeness is so salient that it seems walking out of the frame. We think we see the creature coining his lean parchment cheek to smiles at "Justice jokes." The magisterial chair, like the tripod, is attic in its wit and oracles. Power gives wondrous pungency to jokes—*salting* them for preservation! . . .

So much for Mr. Nupkins and his Court. We can unhesitatingly introduce our readers to both, though for our own personal enjoyment we are sorry to have *written* down the jokes of Boz—they will hardly bear a second reading ! They lose their relish, passing through the pen. Wit comes thus as through a filtering stone—slowly—drop by drop, and as its force is injured thus, so are the particles which sully it detected ; and we find there is more mud than should be consonant with brilliance—more coarseness than should dwell with purity. Still, like the plated buckle, dip Boz in the ocean and he'll stand.



"THE LIBRARY OF FICTION"

CONCURRENTLY with the first appearance of *The Pickwick Papers*, Chapman and Hall issued the first number of "The Library of Fiction," to which Dickens contributed a short story. It was advertised at the same time as *Pickwick*, but did not attract the reviewers to the same extent, although several of them grouped the two publications together when commenting on them.

"The Bath Herald" gave one of the earliest notices. It appeared on 9th April, and read as follows :

" 'Library of Fiction No. 1.' This part contains five tales, with two illustrative plates. Two of the stories we have read, viz. *The Tuggses at Ramsgate* by 'Boz' and 'Mr. Frederick Fidget,' apparently from the same pen. They are both comic stories and told with great breadth of humour. They disclose a thorough knowledge of cockney life, manners, habits and dialogue, and we will venture to say that they would extort a smile from the most crabbed misanthrope that ever breathed."

The writer of this notice was in error in ascribing to Dickens the story "Mr. Frederick Fidget."

"The News and Sunday Herald" of April 10th, after noticing the first number of *Pickwick*, said :

"Another monthly emanating from the same publishers, put forth on the strength of the recently acquired reputation of the prolific and ubiquitous 'Boz' one of whose sketches *The Tuggses at Ramsgate* graces the present number, and whose future contributions are held out as the staple of attraction in the forthcoming parts. Our over prodigious friend has evidently studied to little advantage the fable of the goose that laid the golden eggs, if he think to make *ad libitum* drafts on his store of imagination after this fashion. His wit, satire, and feeling, have not procured him a sincerer admirer than ourselves ; but we would admonish him to bear in mind the Irishman's dogma ; that apple-pie all quince is too much of a good thing. A contrast between the commonplace incidents and the far-fetched humour of the sketch we have mentioned and the freshness and pungency of his former efforts, will readily establish the well-timed propriety of our hint.

"The Metropolitan Magazine" reviewing the first number, made a brief reference to a tale by that droll fellow "Boz" which he is pleased to call *The Tuggses at Ramsgate*.

"The Weekly Despatch" considered that the new publication "bids fair to become popular, the tales and sketches, specially those by 'Boz' are very amusing." The writer of this notice was of course wrong in supposing that more than one story was the work of Dickens.

"The Morning Post" was referred to the first number of "The Library of Fiction," so late as May 11th. The following remarkable notice was the result:

"Amongst the original articles is one from the graphic pen of 'Boz,' deserving of immortality, viz. *The Tuggses at Ramsgate*. The serio-comic quaintness with which it is jotted down is irresistible and the moral is more instructive than many a sermon. The tale is embellished by two wood engravings, rich in traits of humour."

This is probably the earliest prediction of immortality to a Dickens story, although the author himself did not refrain (in a spirit of sarcastic humour, of course) from using that epithet in reference to his hero in the very first page of *The Pickwick Papers*.

And it will also be observed that the deeper meaning that is to be found in most of Dickens's writing was not hidden from the reviewer of "The Morning Post."

"Bell's Life in London" said on April 10th:

"'Boz' also shines conspicuous in a sketch *The Tuggses at Ramsgate*, which for a fiction comes nearer to reality than many of the most probable delineations of the day. We cannot say so much for the other 'fictions' which are to be found in the same number."

The depth to which Dickens penetrated the minds of the literary men of his own day, even in the very earliest days of that fame, is shown in a review of "The Library of Fiction," to which Dickens was no longer contributing, in "The Metropolitan Magazine" for November, 1836, when the publication of *The Pickwick Papers* was not yet half-way through. In this, "The Library of Fiction" is referred to as "twin-born with the Pickwickian drollery," and in noticing a story (not by Dickens) it states it to be "very Bozzy, which means very good after a good model."

Dickens's only other contribution to "The Library of Fiction" appeared in the second number and bore the title of *A Little Talk about Spring and the Sweeps* (republished in the second series of *Sketches by Boz* under the title of *The First of May*).

We have been able to find only one notice of it and that was in "The Satirist," for May 1st, 1836; "an agreeable publication" it says "and fulfils in every particular the promise of the first number. The embellishments are good, and 'Boz' aids it by occasional contributions."

W. D.

THE LAUNCESTON PICKWICK REPRINT*

BY C. R. LONG, M.A.

MY title implies that the book known as *The Pickwick Papers*, or simply *Pickwick*, first printed in England, was reprinted in Launceston, Tasmania. It is a big book, and that it should have been reprinted in what was then such a small and out-of-the-way place must be a matter for wonder, and one naturally becomes curious and asks, "By whom?"; "When?"; "Why?"; and "How?"

If we allow, as we must, six or seven months for the voyage, the early parts would begin to arrive in Australia about October, 1836, and the complete book during the first half of 1838.

At that period the scope for literary culture in Australia must have been very limited, yet, there is evidence that many Australians became keenly interested in the doings of Pickwick and his associates. For instance, a schooner trading between Tasmania (then known as Van Diemen's Land) and Port Philip was named *The Pickwick*; a cricket club in Melbourne was given the same name; and in a book entitled "Memories of Early Days in Australia" the following occurs: "To go back to Kangaroo Island. The pleasantest week the A . . . s spent during all the time they were there was in the summer of 1838-39." After telling of the arrival of visitors, the writer goes on to say: "These gentlemen proved very good company, and a week of Dingley Dell festivities and frolics ensued. *The Pickwick Papers* then being all the rage, nothing would do but they must each go by the name of some character therefrom, and free-and-easy Mr. S . . . adopting that of Tracy Tupman from his acknowledged fondness, he said, for the fair sex."

A knowledge of this popularity as a guarantee of sales, and a recognition also, we may fairly believe, of Dickens's genius as a story teller, led to an astonishing venture on the part of Henry Dowling, the printer of "The Launceston Advertiser." He decided to reprint the book, first in parts and then to issue it as a complete volume, following the English model as closely as material and circumstances would allow. He carried out his project, and, to judge from the few samples that have survived, the workmanship was highly commendable, a very close copy being produced. There are reasons for thinking that his compositors worked from the parts as published. Dowling must have, therefore, had a complete set, and the question has often been asked, "Where is that set?" If in good condition, it would now fetch a very high figure indeed.

The first part of the Launceston reprint (the English Copyright Act did not apply to the colonies till 1842, so one hesitates to call the reprint a "piracy"—morally it was, legally it was not) was issued in 1838, and the rest—twenty-four in number—followed at weekly intervals. Instead of the green of the English edition, the wrappers

* A Paper read before the Melbourne Dickens Fellowship on 7th May, 1936, during the Dickens Exhibition, in the McAllan Gallery, Melbourne Public Library.

were of various colours. On one of them was a slip with a notification to the following effect :—

The Pickwick Papers, published every Saturday morning in parts of twenty-four pages, price 1/-, a most desirable means of advertising. Its circulation in the Colony is very extensive. The parts are also regularly forwarded to Port Phillip, South Australia, and Sydney.

There were no illustrations, with the exception of a special one—"The Pickwickians"—which was issued with an early part. Illustrations were, however, in preparation, and, when ready, were supplied *gratis* to subscribers, and it was intimated that parts brought to the publisher would be put into boards at the cost of binding only.

The front page of the wrapper of Part II bore the following :—

The Posthumous Papers
of the
Pickwick Club
Containing a faithful
Record of the
Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures
and
Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members,
Edited by Charles Dickens, Esq.
Author of "Sketches by Boz," etc.

Printed and Published by Henry Dowling every Saturday, and to be had of Mr. Tigg, Hobart Town, and Mr. Hamilton, Campbell Town and Ross, every Tuesday.

MDCCCXXXVIII.

On the back page of the wrapper was the following :—

The republication of *The Pickwick Papers* will be completed in from 20 to 25 parts, forming one handsome volume. The title page and original preface will be issued with the concluding part.

An engraving of "The Pickwickians," forming a frontispiece to the volume, will be issued with an early part.

The Pickwick Advertiser.

Advertisements will be received for the wrapper of the publication on the following terms :—

8 lines and under	5/-
8 to 16 lines	12/-
and for every line above	1/-

The extensive circulation already secured to this work enables the publisher to recommend it as a most desirable medium for the circulation of advertisements of merchants and storekeepers ; of sales by private contract ; situations wanted and servants required ; of terms of schools ; and any other notifications requiring extensive publicity.

Advertisements must be in the hands of the publisher before 4 o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

Launceston : Henry Dowling, Brisbane Street.

The complete volume duly appeared. It includes a preliminary note ; frontispiece (Pickwick and Sam Weller seated at a table) ; vignette title page ; title page ; publisher's preface ; dedication to Mr. Regent Talfourd, M.P., signed by Dickens and dated September, 37, at 48 Doughty Street ; table of contents ; and the text. It appeared in July, 1839. The vignette title page, which preceded the title page, was as follows :—

The
Pickwick Papers
by
Charles Dickens

· Van Diemen's Land
Henry Dowling, Printer, Launceston.
MDCCCXXXIX.

Between " Charles Dickens " and " Van Diemen's Land " was an illustration, " Immersing Mr. Stiggins's head in a horse-trough full of water," with " Phiz " near the bottom left-hand corner and " Tiz, D.L." near the opposite bottom corner.

The title page was different from the vignette title page in several respects. It ran thus : " The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, by Charles Dickens. With Illustrations after Phiz. V.D. Land. Henry Dowling, Launceston. MDCCCXXXVIII." (To judge by the date, this title page had been used for the parts.)

The book was bound in dark green, stiff cloth boards, with a paper label on the spine. It had 588 pages, large octavo, and its price was 30/-. (The price of the English edition was 21/-) As to illustrations, it contained 20 of the 43 of the English edition. They were photographs executed by a local artist, Jack Briggs, who employed various methods of intimating that they were copies. The method in the case of the vignette, to which reference has been made, was the commonest, but, in one instance, he used " Phiz fecit, Tiz del."

In the preface the publisher said : " It is confidently believed that the present reprint of *The Pickwick Papers* is the largest publication that has issued from either the New South Wales or the Tasmanian press. The trouble and the expense have indeed been considerable—greater than was originally contemplated—but it was thought that, if any publication would be worth the cost of production, it would be the far-famed *Pickwick Papers*. The illustrations will be found fully equal to the original, and, as the work of a colonial artist, will preserve to the reprint the character of a purely colonial production."

In advertising the volume, John Pascoe Fawkner, whose collection of books at his hotel in Market Street was the first in Melbourne to which any reference has been found, comes into notice. Henry Dowling wrote, probably in June, 1839, informing him that the edition would be ready in a week or two. In an advertisement in Fawkner's paper, "The Port Phillip Patriot," 9th January, 1840, there is mention of a number of books to be had at the Repository of Art, Collins Street,

and among them is "Pickwick in neat cloth." In the literary supplement of the same paper, 23rd January, 1840, "The Stroller's Tale" was reprinted, and "An Antiquarian Discovery" appeared on the 2nd of the next month. Thus did Fawcner, "The Father of Melbourne," seek to spread a knowledge of the book that has done more than any other to render its author immortal.

So far as I am aware, nothing is recorded concerning the public demand for the locally-printed parts and volumes. Henry Dowling must have been an optimist, and we can only trust that he suffered no monetary loss through his effort. However that may have been we can feel sure that he enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing that he had provided the means of entertainment and instruction to thousands of his fellows.

IN PRAISE OF STIGGINS

MR. STIGGINS is a "reverend" of a build considered "spare" bearing witness to a lack of earthy clay;
 And he cultivates a manner known as "starchy," some declare this the mien a pious preacher *should* display.
 Surely well-worn "cloth" you must confess bespeaks his modest taste—he's no Wolsey when it comes to shewing "style."
 When abroad, there's changeful weather that must constantly be faced, so he clings to tattered "brolly" all the while.
 When we meet him he is toasting bread for *others* at the fire, and with fervour most religious craves a blessing;
 Then he chides the junior Weller's eager plan to help his sire by enthusiastic Ma-in-law caressing.
 Though the odour of "strong waters" may debase our hero's worth, there's a counterblast of sanctity as well,
 And his tongue condemns as "vanities" to banish from the earth all those "taps" which Mrs. Weller needs must sell.
 Still she lauds the worthy preacher whilst relating through her tears how Vile Scorn has ever met Devout Appeal.
 And when such-like adulation falls upon his modest ears Stiggins frowns a mild remonstrance at her zeal.
 As a final illustration of the "Shepherd's" goodly mind—when he braves the Weller den like holy Daniel—
 He's inquiring if the dear departed lady left behind ought to benefit the Chapel of Emanuel.

A. H. G.

MRS. A. LINCOLN BOWLES

WITH the passing of Sadie M. Bowles on 20th June the Boston Branch has suffered a severe loss. With Amos W. Rideout she gathered together a few kindred spirits and founded the branch in 1919. Always a student and lover of Dickens, she was the very life and soul of the society, and up to her last days she was interested in planning its activities. Out of her kindness of heart and love for the helpless she originated the idea of the "Tiny Tim" offering which annually dispenses Christmas cheer and material help to crippled children. She was known to many readers of the "Transcript," forty-one years of her life having been spent in the service of that paper.

HISTORY "IN A PICKWICKIAN SENSE"

By E. M. DAVIES

UNLIKE his famous friend Carlyle, Dickens was not a great historian, and his most ardent admirers cannot claim that his *Child's History of England* is among his best works. But that Dickens was keenly interested in the subject, and had a good general knowledge of the history of his own country, no one will deny. Apart from his two historical novels there are scores of historical allusions in his books; in *The Pickwick Papers* there are at least fifteen outstanding ones, eleven relating to English history and four to Continental history. In order not to make this article unduly long I propose to deal solely with English history—in a Pickwickian sense.

Many people boast of their Norman blood, but old Mrs. Wardle had a prouder claim. According to Mr. Perker, her solicitor—and if he didn't know, who did?—"She comes of an old family—old in every sense of the word. The founder of that family came into Kent when Julius Caesar invaded Britain—only one member of it, since, who hasn't lived to eighty-five, and *he* was beheaded by one of the Henrys." Now there are two interesting points in this statement. Firstly, it seems to me that Mr. Perker was referring not to the Wardle family into which Mrs. Wardle married, but to the family into which she was born, her *own* family, which was celebrated for longevity. That Mr. Perker omitted to mention Mrs. Wardle's maiden name is greatly to be regretted. Secondly, it must have been a family with some claims to nobility, for the axe as an instrument of execution was reserved for persons of gentle birth, while the hangman's rope was considered good enough for common folk.

Mr. Jingle, on his arrival in Rochester, gave a bird's-eye view of the city so rich in historical associations in his well-known soliloquy, beginning: "Glorious pile—frowning walls, tottering arches, dark nooks—crumbling staircases—old cathedral, too—earthy smell—" and sums it up as "fine place—old legends, too—strange stories: capital!"

Mr. Nupkins, the pompous magistrate of Ipswich, referred to Magna Charta when he declared his intention of suppressing the practice of duelling which he believed to be an exclusive prerogative of royalty. But interested inquirers will search in vain for any such clause in that seven-hundred-year-old charter of British liberty.

Sam Weller, on the same occasion, made an amusing historical allusion when he said to Mr. Nupkins in his breezy way—"Business first, pleasure arterwards, as King Richard III said when he stabbed 't'other king in the Tower afore he smothered the babbies." The story of the murder of the little Princes in the Tower by that most wicked of wicked uncles is perfectly well known, but it is not clear who Sam meant by "t'other king," for Edward IV, Richard's brother, had died from natural causes partly induced by grief, while the third brother, the Duke of Clarence, was found drowned in a butt of wine. Stabbing was not resorted to in either case. Sam, however, had had

very little education in an academic sense, and was quite liable to make mistakes.

In 1600, a Charter was granted to the newly-formed East India Company, giving to the Governors and merchants the right to exclusive trade with British possessions in India. Over two centuries later, two gay young doctors received appointments from this Company—Mr. Benjamin Allen and Mr. Robert Sawyer, of immortal memory. It would seem, though, that during their early days in the service of John Company, they were in constant need of medical attention on their own accounts, for “they each had the yellow fever* fourteen times, and then resolved to try a little abstinence, since which period they have been doing well.”

The year 1605 was marked by what appears to be one of Dickens's favourite events in history—the Gunpowder Plot. In nearly every one of his books there is some reference to it or to its annual commemoration. In *Pickwick* there are two allusions. While Mr. Winkle was having a secret interview with Arabella Allen in her aunt's garden, Sam observed Mr. Pickwick “a-keepin’ guard in the lane with that ’ere dark lantern, like a amiable Guy Fawkes!”

Some weeks later, in the dormitory of the Fleet Prison, while waiting for his master to awaken, Sam stared steadily at the discomfited Mr. Smangle “with no more regard to Mr. Smangle's personal sentiments on the subject than he would have displayed had he been inspecting a wooden image, or a straw embowelled Guy Fawkes.”

“*The Pickwick Papers* are our New River Head,” wrote Dickens, “and we (*i.e.* the editor) may be compared to the New River Company. The labours of others have raised for us an immense reservoir of important facts. We merely lay them on, and communicate them, in a clear and gentle stream, through the medium of these pages, to a world thirsting for Pickwickian knowledge.” Much of London's water is still derived from the New River, and the district round the New River Head in North London, was, of course, very familiar to Dickens in his boyhood, but few people know the precise history of it. Until the early seventeenth century London was in dire need of pure drinking water, and then Sir Hugh Myddleton (a friend of Sir Walter Raleigh and jeweller to Anne of Denmark, James I's queen) conceived the idea of conveying water from the pure natural springs of Hertfordshire by means of a channel several miles long to a reservoir at Islington. The reservoir was named the New River Head, and from thence the water was conveyed through elm-wood pipes to the metropolis. The whole scheme was planned, superintended, partially financed and successfully accomplished by Myddleton, who, though actually a goldsmith, proved himself to be a very clever engineer. On Michaelmas Day, 1613, a great pageant was held to celebrate the admission of the New River water into London, and one of the performers, a labourer who had been employed in the work, recited a rhyme, part of which might well have been quoted by Dickens when he completed his

* It has been pointed out that in India yellow fever is unknown; malaria is the scourge of that country. One of Dickens's minor slips.

mortal book and satisfied "a world thirsting for Pickwickian knowledge":

"Long have we laboured, long desired and prayed
For this great work's perfection; and by th' aid
Of Heaven and good men's wishes, 'tis at length
Happily conquered by cost, wit and strength."

The tragedy of January 30th, 1649, is another event to which Dickens constantly alludes in his books. In *Pickwick* Mr. Jingle marked upon it as the coach passed through Whitehall on the way to Rochester, thus causing Mr. Pickwick to "ruminate on the strangeness and instability of human affairs" by which a king may hold court and revel in one of the finest banqueting halls in Europe, and, two or three years later, may step through a window in that same hall on the scaffold. Many thrilling events took place during the century which elapsed after King Charles I's death but they remain unmentioned in *Pickwick*.

1758 is the next interesting date in the Pickwickian history notebook, for in that year the Horse Guards had a new colonel, the celebrated Marquis of Granby. He is barely mentioned by modern historians, but in the mid-eighteenth century he was renowned as a popular hero who had fought bravely in the Seven Years' War, with special distinction at the battle of Minden in 1759. At a period when signs rather than numbers distinguished houses, shops and inns, "Granby's" bald head was seen swinging at as many ale-house doors as that of the fat Duke of Cumberland in his gold-laced hat or King Charles in the Royal Oak."

Opposite Mrs. Weller's inn at Dorking "was a large sign-board at a high post, representing the head and shoulders of a gentleman with a prophetic countenance, in a red coat with deep blue facings, and a touch of the same blue over his three-cornered hat, for a sky. Over that again were a pair of flags; beneath the last button of his coat were a couple of cannon; and the whole formed an expressive and undoubted likeness of the Marquis of Granby of glorious memory." When Mr. Pickwick requested a private interview with Mr. Nupkins of Ipswich, that magistrate "turned suddenly pale. Could the man Weller, in a moment of remorse, have divulged some secret conspiracy for the assassination? It was a dreadful thought. He was a public man; and he turned paler as he thought of Julius Cæsar and Mr. Perceval." The assassination of Julius Caesar was far back in Roman history, but, in 1827, the assassination of Mr. Perceval, which had taken place seven years earlier, was still fresh in the minds of men and was still regarded with horror. Mr. Spencer Perceval, pious, honest and courageous, was appointed Prime Minister in 1809 and for three years proved himself to be a thoroughly worthy Premier. On the afternoon of May 11th, 1812, as he was walking through the lobby of the old House of Commons, he was shot and died within a few seconds. The assassin, who made no attempt to escape, was found to be one William Bellingham, an insane bankrupt who had frequently caused trouble by pestering members of Parliament with imaginary grievances. In

those days, insanity was no excuse for murder, and Bellingham was executed exactly a week after his crime. According to curious family papers, Mr. Perceval seems to have felt the same kind of foreboding as Mr. Nupkins—shortly before the tragedy actually happened, he had strange premonitions of his violent end.

During the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the nation was gradually awaking to the urgent need for reform, particularly in industrial life. Nowhere was this feeling stronger than in Muggleton where, writes Dickens, "the mayor, corporation and other inhabitants presented, at divers times, no fewer than one thousand four hundred and twenty petitions against the continuance of negro slavery abroad, and an equal number against any interference with the factory system at home."

No doubt that somewhere, sometime during the course of the journeys, the Pickwickians saw the wickedly anomalous sight of righteously-indignant people going to anti-slavery meetings, passing on their way great factories where under appalling conditions, "little English slaves of five and six years of age were working sixteen hours a day to enrich their masters." Three years before Mr. Pickwick was introduced to the public, slavery was abolished in all British possessions overseas, but another eleven years had to pass until 1847, when the lot of the infant slaves in the homeland was somewhat mitigated by the passing of the Ten Hours' Bill.

In a recent number of *The Dickensian*, a member with a taste for statistics gave us some interesting figures concerning Pickwickian characters and events. It was a comprehensive survey with very few omissions, and one of these I have in this article ventured to supply: the chief appearances which Clio, the Muse of History, makes in the immortal *Pickwick Papers*.

A SCOT'S TOAST TAE BOZ

HERE's ae shelf by my ingle-neuk :
I ken its contents beuk by beuk
Penned by the maister hand-juist leuk—
A' never failin' !
Pickwick, Sam, Dombey, Pumblechook
An mair tae wale in !

Dear Boz, tae thee I raise my bicker,
Thou mak'st my haud o'life mair siccar ;
Ower Toots or Sairey oft I nicker
An' hotch fu' fain !
The browst thou serv'st is glorious liquor,
An' eases pain !

A hunder 'ear o' Pickwick's fame
Hae added glory tae thy name :
Wi' thee an' thine I'm aye at hame,
Thou blest mageecian !
A' dowie herts in thee can claim
A grand physeecian !

J. LESLIE MACCALLUM.

MRS. BARDELL'S HOUSE

BY FRANK S. JOHNSON

[ANY Dickensians at home and from abroad visit Goswell Road in the endeavour to locate the house (or site of the house) where Pickwick lodged, which played such an important part in the history of the Pickwickians.

That Dickens had some particular house definitely in mind is most probable, but we have no information on the point and no attempt has been made to select any particular house. There are, however, certain facts which enable us to come to some conclusions on the subject, and after careful investigation I venture to suggest :—

1. That the house in question has been swept away owing to the changes which have taken place in the district during the last century.
2. That the house was on the west side of the road, and situated about No. 101 (formerly No. 127).

First, however, we may ask why Dickens chose Goswell Street for the home of the great Pickwick? No doubt it was due to the fact that this was the famous highway to and from the north. Coaches (in the case of John Browdie) from the north and proceeding to the Mill and Mouth or St. Martins le Grand, journeyed down the High Street, past the Angel, along Goswell Street and Aldersgate Street, and this road would be well known to Dickens who, no doubt, often passed through what he describes as, "that not more populous than popular thoroughfare" on his coach journeys north. Squeers and Skleby, too, came this way from the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. We have two sources of information. First, historical fact, and second, the story itself.

Through the courtesy of the Town Clerk of Finsbury, I have been furnished with old maps, plans and particulars of Goswell Road, from which it would appear that :—

1. Originally a part of the road was called Islington Road.
2. Later, and up to 1824, the road was divided into two parts :—
 - (a) Goswell Street extending from Aldersgate Street to Powell Street and Sebastian Street (No. 206 Goswell Road).
 - (b) Goswell Street Road (from Powell Street to the Angel).
3. In 1824 the name Goswell Street Road was changed to Goswell Road; so there were Goswell Street and Goswell Road, which remained until 1864.
4. In 1861 the houses were renumbered, but the two names were retained until 1864 when the whole road from Aldersgate Street to the Angel was renamed Goswell Road, although here and there the old name of Goswell Street still appeared.

J. Hassard in "A Pickwickian Pilgrimage," 1879, says: "A little further on toward the heart of the city, the old name of Goswell Street re-appears in some ancient signs." These, however, have long since disappeared.

Now turn to the book itself. Mrs. Bardell's house is referred to on five different occasions :—

Chapter II.—Mr. Pickwick starts on his journey to Rochester.

Chapter XII.—Sam Weller is engaged and Mr. Pickwick has his momentous encounter with Mrs. Bardell.

Chapter XXVI.—Mr. Pickwick (now residing at the George and Vulture, Lombard Street) despatches Sam to Mrs. Bardell's to give notice and to arrange for the removal of his belongings.

Chapter XXXIV.—The Trial.

Chapter XLVI.—Mr. and Mrs. Raddle and Mrs. Cluppins visit Mrs. Bardell and the party proceed to the Spaniards Tavern Gardens, where Mrs. Bardell is arrested.

It is quite possible that Mr. Pickwick's observation at Manor Farm, recorded in Chapter VII, was induced by a remembrance of Goswell Street.

"Pleasant country . . . who could live to gaze from day to day on bricks and slates who had once felt the influence of a scene like this. Who could continue to exist where there are no cows but the cows on the chimney-pots; nothing redolent of Pan but par tiles; no crop but stone-crop."

From these references we learn that the house was "on a limited scale, neat and comfortable," of two stories, the second floor front being Mr. Pickwick's bedroom, the first floor front his sitting and dining room, while Mrs. Bardell occupied the front parlour. There is no mention of a basement, but all the houses now in Goswell Road have basements. The front door (red) had a knocker, and was approached by steps on which Tommy jumped off and on.

We need not trouble ourselves with the back-yard, the back parlour (where the lodger slept), or the small back room "up one pair of stairs," where Mrs. Cluppins overheard the conversation between Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell, as they do not affect the question with which we are dealing.

Now, as to the precise situation of the house, in Chapter II we read that Mrs. Bardell's house was situated in Goswell Street, and consequently we must look for it in *that* part of the road, *i.e.* between Aldersgate Street and Powell Street. We note that one of the houses still retains the original numbering of Dickens's time, *viz.*, No. 7 (now No. 140), The White Horse and Cross Keys Inn.

From the same chapter we learn :—

"That punctual servant of all work, the sun, had just risen and begun to strike a light on the morning of the thirteenth of May, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, when Mr. Samuel Pickwick burst like another sun from his slumbers, threw open his chamber window, and looked out upon the world beneath."

and the inference is that the sun shone into Mr. Pickwick's chamber; hence I select the *west* side of the original Goswell Street.

Further on we read :—

"Goswell Street was at his feet, Goswell Street was on his right."



Photo by]

[Wm. A. Clark, F.R.P.S.

A Typical Goswell Street House

hand—as far as the eye could reach—Goswell Street extended on his left.”

which would fit admirably if we select the site mentioned, No. 101, nearly opposite No. 72, already referred to. From this point Goswell Street did extend to the left, and stretched as far as the eye could see to the right!

Unfortunately, there are no old houses now existing round about the site selected. But further on there still remain a few which exactly tally with the description in the book. The best examples are No. 163 and No. 179 Goswell Road.

The illustration on page 297 will prove of value if further rebuilding should remove all links with the days of Mrs. Bardell.

We know from the story that Mr. Pickwick proceeded from this lodging to St. Martins le Grand to engage the cabriolet. Had the house been situated in the north part of Goswell Road, Pickwick, in great coat and with portmanteau, would naturally have walked the short distance to the Angel or the Peacock at Islington to obtain a hackney carriage (as did Esther Summerson), and would probably not have walked about a mile and a half to St. Martins le Grand.



The above reproduction of an old print of 1830 shows the identical spot where Mr. Pickwick secured the cabriolet, and a coach entering the Bull and Mouth. In the right hand corner will be seen a cabriolet; the relative position of driver and passenger makes it clear how Mr. Pickwick was able to converse easily with the cabman *en route* to the Golden Cross.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT UNPUBLISHED LETTER

TO WILLIAM WOODLEY FREDERICK DE CERJAT.

London, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square
Saturday Eighth May 1852

My Dear Cerjat,

Your second kind letter would have been a real reproach to me, I had not so often tried to answer your first,—one of my most acceptable and pleasant Christmas remembrances,—and so often failed in the midst of my much writing, that I felt as if you must have some esoteric knowledge that I was writing to you (in the spirit, with invisible ink, on impalpable paper) almost every day of my life.

I cannot tell you how delighted I have been by your account of your excellent friend. The Watsons and I had been talking of him, and of you all, a few days before; and it came upon me with indescribable pleasure. God grant that he may continue to be himself! He has only to be that, to be one of the most loveable men upon earth. There are few things I should like better than to contradict him for half an hour, once more!

We had a plot (we and the Watsons) to make a dash over to Auvergne at Midsummer, and to leave the ladies there for a week, and hurry you off into the mountains, and have the grandest expeditions! I am afraid the plot is in danger, in consequence of Watson's election-ringing projects, and some other distractions of which she wrote to me the day before yesterday. But I have still dim shadows of hope,—and I won't let them go, as long as I can hold one by the faintest film. I am, as you may suppose, very busy; but I think I could manage it, by some cutting and contriving. We are to hold a solemn Council at Birmingham next Wednesday. My amateur company performs there at the Town Hall, and the Watsons are coming over to see the Play. I wish to Heaven you and Mrs. Cerjat could come too! This is one of the prettiest things to look at, you can imagine; the scenery so exquisitely painted, the dresses so rich and beautiful, the light so brilliant, and the whole such a perfect picture of the time of George the Second. But I am wandering away from the Council, which is to decide (as I understand Mrs. Watson) whether our design is to take its place among the accomplished or the unaccomplished ideas of this devising world.

My wife is quite well again, after favouring me (I think I could have dispensed with the compliment) with No. 10. Our last baby, we called Dora, in remembrance of *Copperfield*. It was an ill-omened name, and she followed her predecessor to the land of Shadows.

I hope you will like *Bleak House* better and better as you go on. It is a most enormous success; all the prestige of *Copperfield* (which was very great) falling upon it, and raising its circulation above all my other books. I am very much interested, having just written No. IV—and look forward to good things whereof the foundations are built.

There is nothing new here. Politically, everybody is unsettled by the prospect of a General Election between the Hay and Corn harvests. Musically, we had a wonderfully fine Italian opera at Covent Garden, and a quarrel (as I dare say you know as well as I do,

if not better), between rival managers, for a German songstress. Pictorially, we have the Exhibition open, and some (but not many) good pictures in it. I saw the Duke of Wellington last, at the preliminary dinner, a week ago. You cannot imagine how old he looks (it was his 83rd birthday) or how long he was in jerking a short speech out of himself like a series of words of command ! Rogers (five years older) is lamed by an accident, and passes his life in one arm chair which is lifted in and out of his carriage, wheeled to his table, carried upstairs with him in it, if he goes anywhere (which he very rarely does) and put to bed with him I suppose. In all other respects he is the same as ever. Vivacious enough, and vicious enough,—tells the same stories, to the same people, in the same words, twenty times in a day, and has his little dinner parties of four, where he goes mad with rage if anybody talks to anyone but himself. Tom Moore has left a very curious Diary for publication to be edited by Lord John, who showed it to me the other day. It is extraordinarily good as a little gossiping picture of his time ; I think the best Diary since Pepys. Mrs. Austin is writing Sydney Smith's life, which I dare say will be very good, he had such a noble wit, and she is such a clever woman.

There's a dull catalogue for you—Dear Cerjat, but I cannot amend it. As I write, I see myself walking with you outside the Hotel at Martigny in the dusk, smoking, while our ladies are playing and singing within, you remember ? Apropos of which, I saw Lady Virginia Taylour the other night—looking positively old, if you can believe in such an unearthly transformation. I fear (I don't know the fact, but suspect it) that Lady Mary has lost her reason. Georgina, not yet married (talking of ladies) and not in the least likely to be. She seems unaccountably hard to please. She sends her kindest love to Mrs. Cerjat and all your house and you. Mrs. Dickens most heartily joins. So do I. Pray say all that is affectionate and attached to Haldimand, from all of us.

And ever believe me, my Dear Cerjat, with great regard,

Very faithfully your friend
C.D.

William Woodley Frederick de Cerjat (1800-1870) was a descendant of one of the oldest and most illustrious families of the Pays de Vaud. Both his grandfather and father had been distinguished soldiers in the British service and had married Englishwomen. William Woodley likewise married an English lady, Miss Maria Holmes, but returned to the land of his ancestors and had his permanent residence at Lausanne.

The friend alluded to in the second paragraph of Dickens's letter was William Haldimand, who in the last years of his life suffered from occasional fits of depression.

The ladies Virginia and Mary Taylour had also been members of Dickens's circle of friends at Lausanne in the summer of 1846.

The Duke of Wellington died on September 14th 1852. Samuel Rogers lived until 1855.

The Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence of Thomas Moore (died February 25th 1852) were edited by Lord John Russell (1853-1856). The Letters of Sydney Smith, edited by Sarah Austin, were published in 1855.

A. S.

STUDIES ON "EDWIN DROOD"

By C. F. LEHMANN-HAUPT

(Continued from page 220)

9. CONCERNING PRINCESS PUFFER AND DEPUTY.

It had always been a puzzle to me how it came about that Deputy was so well acquainted with the "Princess Puffer" as his description of her to Mr. Datchery in Chapter XXIII shows him to have been. How could he have known her habits and her nickname and have been on such confidential terms with her?

Before her meeting with Datchery in the summer after Edwin's disappearance, the Opium Woman (in the novel as it stands) had never been in Cloisterham, save once on December 24th, and then only for a few hours.

It is true that Mr. Saunders seems to imply (p. 113 of his book) that the Opium Woman had lodged two nights (December 23rd-24th and December 24th-25th) at Cloisterham; but this is one of the rare instances in which I cannot agree with him.

The old woman's customer, Jasper, had spent a portion of the night of December 23rd-24th with her in her den in London, and her replies to Edwin when warning him, in the dusk on Christmas Eve at the Monks' Vineyard, of the danger to "Ned," are quite in keeping with the supposition that on that very day she had followed Jasper to Cloisterham without finding him.

"Where do you come from?" asks Edwin. "Come from London, deary." "Where are you going to?" "Back to London, deary. I came here looking for a needle in a haystack and I ain't found it." (Chap. XIV, p. 110.)

It is quite evident from this that she cannot have spent the night on December 23rd to December 24th in Cloisterham. Besides, if she had done so, she must have met Jasper, who was "early among the ropekeepers" on the morning of December 24th, and had she met him, she would thus have found the needle for which she was seeking.

But it is equally impossible that she should have spent the night of Christmas Eve there—both because on such a night she could not have afforded to neglect her business in the Opium Den, and because, had she done so, she would have become aware, on the spot, of the disappearance of Edwin and the first commotion that followed it. In either case she would certainly have disclosed at once her suspicions to Jasper—a disclosure which would have been made at an untimely moment for the development of the story and would have been out of keeping with the progress of the plot as designed by Dickens.

Quite apart from the problem that was puzzling me, and which to my knowledge had never been raised save by myself, Mr. Carden had found, by studying the MS. of *Edwin Drood*, that Dickens had originally intended to bring the Opium Woman to Cloisterham, and to contact with Deputy, at a much earlier stage in the story. This was a welcome discovery to me when I read it in Mr. Carden's book,

but since it was not quite clear to me how the words which he quoted as having been cancelled by Dickens should be fitted in to the text as printed, I wrote to ask him about it. To enable him to answer my questions, Mr. Carden re-examined the MS. and wrote to tell me what he had found out, and this was the beginning of a correspondence and collaboration which has led us to make further important discoveries of what were the author's intentions. We examined the MS. together several times when I was in England.

The original MS. of Chapter V ("Mr. Durdles and Friend")—which when first written was to have been Chapter VIII—contains a very impressive scene, later struck out by Dickens (cf. p. 32 of the original edition).

In the paragraph opening with the words "The semblance of an inn" the word "within" took the place of the printed words "the inside," and the feeble lights were first described as "of rush or tallow" instead of "cotton dip." The MS. then continued:—

"As Durdles and Jasper come near, a woman is seen crouching and smoking in the cold night air on the seat just outside the door, which stands ajar" (changed by Dickens from "on the ground just athwart the door," etc., etc.) "of a sudden Jasper stops, and looks at this woman—the lighter-coloured figure of Durdles being between himself and her—very keenly.

"'Is that Deputy?' she croaks out in a whimpering and complaining feeble way; 'where have you been, you young good-for-nothing wretch?'

"'Out for my 'elth,' returns the hideous sprite quite unabashed" (*unabashed* is struck out in the MS.; *quite* stands but was evidently to be cancelled too).

"'I'll claw you' retorts the woman, 'when I can lay my fingers on you. I'll be bad for your 'elth. (O me, o me, me breath is so (very ?) short.) I wanted my pipe and my little spoon and ye'd been and put 'em on a shelf, I couldn't find.'

"'Wot did yer go to bed for then?' retorts Deputy, quite unabashed (here both words stand in the MS.—see above); 'who'd ha' thought you was going to get up agin?'

"'You—you might ha' known I was like to do it.'

"'Yer lie!' says Deputy in his only form of contradiction."

So far I have given the words of the MS. as quoted by Mr. Carden in his book (p. 23), but what now follows has only been slightly indicated by him.

Instead of the passage which, in the printed text, follows the words "As Jasper and Durdles come near" (p. 32, par. 1) and ends with the words "all is silent" (p. 32, par. 4), the original MS. reads:—

"Jasper touches" (Dickens had written "touching" and then wrote "es" above "ing" which he deleted) "Durdles on the shoulder and placing his finger on his lips, frowns when that worthy looks round. He . . . leads the way onward gingerly enough. He . . . more than once or twice looks back, but utters no word until they have reached the corner of the lane; then he casually remarks, in a subdued voice, that he is well out of any unseemly quarrel or discussion in such a place, and glances back again."

The text as printed is then resumed by the words "All is still" (*sic* in MS.; the printed text reads "all is silent"), and continues as printed:

"Next moment a stone comes rattling at his hat and knocks it off and a distant yell, 'Wake-cock! Warning!' followed by a crow as from some diabolically-hatched chanticleer apprising him under whose fire he stands he turns the corner into safety and takes Durdles home."

The whole of this scene would have revealed too much to the reader, even as part of Chapter VIII, and this is why Dickens, who in his number-plans for Chapter VIII after "Deputy engaged to stone Durdles nightly" had written "Carry through the woman of the first chapter," added a "No" in the right column, underlining both the negative sentence and the "No." And when Chapter VIII was transferred to the first number as Chapter V, where the scene was quite impossible, he would have had the more reason to cancel it. But we learn from the cancelled passage that in Dickens's mind Deputy and the Opium Woman were well-known to one another quite apart from and before her visit to Cloisterham at Christmas; and this is really what accounts for Deputy's knowledge of her customs and her nickname, a knowledge which, as I stressed from the outset, is quite incapable of being accounted for from the printed text as it stands.

We learn, furthermore, from Jasper's conduct on this occasion that he was far from pleased to see the Opium Woman at Cloisterham, and that he avoided being seen by her.

By striking out this former visit of Princess Puffer to Cloisterham Dickens became involved in a difficulty which he dealt with in a very insufficient and unsatisfactory way by making the Woman, when leaving Edwin in the Monks' Vineyard on December 24th, go away "in the direction of the Travellers' Lodging House." Dickens thus gave the impression that the Opium Woman was well known at the Travellers' Twopenny and might have stopped there for the night, which could not have been the case, according to Dickens's own statements as pointed out above.

Howbeit, my initial objection to Deputy's apparent intimacy with the Opium Woman in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* as it stands in print is thus *fully justified and explained*.

As to Deputy's relationship with the Opium Woman and with Jasper, the inferences which have been drawn from a sentence in Dickens's number-plans for Chapter X (originally marked IX), which had formerly been read "Remember there is a child," are certainly wrong, since, as Mr. Carden pointed out, and as the photograph of these plans proves, the sentence really reads "Minor Canon Corner. The closet I remember there as a child." But, apart from this, Mr. Saunders p. 116 of his book) may be fully or partly right in saying:—

"Was he" (Deputy) "related to the Opium Woman, to Jasper, to the person murdered on the preceding Christmas Eve? It would be quite in keeping with Dickens's methods if any, or even all, of

these surmises should turn out to be correct, and it would at least be dramatic if Deputy, one of the persons whose evidence was to be used to convict Jasper, should happen to be his own son by some woman he had murdered."

But this is conjectural and we are concerned only with facts.

There is one further fact of some importance concerning the Opium Woman. In four instances Dickens pasted over lines which he had rejected with slips of paper on which he wrote passages in substitution for the rejected lines. The last of these instances occurs in No. VI, p. 13 of the MS. (Chapter XXIII, "The Dawn Again"). Here, after the sentence (original edition, p. 183, third paragraph from the bottom)

"Finding it" (*i.e.* Jasper's body) "past all rousing for the time she slowly gets upon her feet with an air of disappointment, and flicks the face with the back of her hand in turning from it."

begins a slip on which are written the words from "But she goes no further away" (original edition, p. 183) to "daylight looks into the room" (p. 184, end of second paragraph).

This slip, when carefully lifted, shewed under it mostly white paper with no writing, but at the beginning the following words can be read under the slip:—

"*I might as well have never found out how to set you talking, is her commentary, you are too sleepy to talk too plain . . . hold your secrets tight you do.*"

The cancelled words, it is true, bear some relation to those with which Dickens replaced them, "Practice makes perfect. I may have learned the secret how to make ye talk, deary" (original edition, p. 184, lines 1 and 2). But evidently Dickens, on second consideration, did not want to tell the reader expressly that Jasper had to hide *a secret*.

10. JASPER'S WARNING TO EDWIN.

"*You won't take warning then?*" This note in Dickens's number-plans proves that the warning given by Jasper to Edwin in Chapter II was planned by Dickens from the start. But the circumstances and phrasing of the warning have always been somewhat puzzling. Mr. Carden, in Episode V (p. 50) of his book, has done a good deal towards clearing up the riddle by showing that the two attacks by which Jasper was overcome in this chapter did not both result from the opium he had smoked, but that the second attack had a different explanation. Mr. Carden thus paraphrases Dickens (*my italics*):—

"Jasper bids Edwin remember his state of mind and heart, and take it as a warning. In the act of moving a step back, Edwin pauses for an instant to consider the application to himself of these last words. Jasper watches him, holding his breath at the very thought that Edwin is beginning to realise how he is threatened. The instant over '*your sacrificing yourself to me*' says Edwin, and *Jasper knows he has failed to understand the warning.* Instantly

Jasper becomes a breathing man again and shrugs his shoulders. He won't and can't be warned."

But Jasper does not only "hold his breath." Dickens's words are:—

"Mr. Jasper's steadiness of face and figure becomes so marvellous that his breathing seems to have stopped."

When I had first read Mr. Carden's explanation, I wrote to him, saying, *inter alia*, that these words of Dickens seemed to make Jasper's second attack somewhat akin to the first, which Jasper describes as the effect of taking opium. Compare the description in Chapter XV (p. 120 original edition) of Jasper's state immediately before Grewgious's disclosure revealed that he had murdered Edwin unnecessarily.

Before Jasper's first attack came on, we read (p. 9):—

"Can I anyhow hurt your feelings, Jack?"

"How can you have hurt my feelings?"

"Good Heaven, Jack, you look frightfully ill!"

(The MS. had "Good Heavens how you look!" deleted).

"There's a strange film come" (this word "come" is not in the MS.) "over your eyes."

"Mr. Jasper, with a forced smile, stretches out his right hand, as if at once to disarm apprehension and gain time to get better." (The last three words are not in the MS.). "After a while he says faintly; . . ."

The succeeding paragraph, "I have been taking opium for a pain," etc., is written on a slip pasted over the leaf. Knowing this, Mr. Carden, after the receipt of my letter, succeeded in lifting the slip* and in reading the following rejected words beneath it.

"Put the . . . knives out at the door—both of them! My dear Jack, why? . . . may attract the lightning put them in the . . ."

From this passage Mr. Carden concluded, very rightly, that, according to the first draft, Jasper, who had been driven nearly mad by Edwin's almost contemptuous and entirely unamorous reference to Rosa or Pussy, under the influence of the opium that he had smoked the night before, felt tempted to stab Edwin then and there with one of the two knives lying on the table, and that he was then to give an entirely impossible, foolish, and unintelligible explanation ("they may attract the lightning") of his request to Edwin.

The next paragraph links on to the passage written over the slip and reads "with a scared *and confounded face*," etc., these and the following italicised words being only in the MS. version; but in the next sentence the words "at the fire" are not in the MS. "When Jasper is *once more* restored" it is with a *concentrated look* that he addresses Edwin.

* This is another, and chronologically the first of the four cases alluded to above at p. 219 in which part of what had been cancelled and pasted over with a slip could be read. On p. 219 line 8 for "II" read XXI. On p. 137 l. 13 and l. 8 from bottom for "hardy" read "handy."

Dickens substituted for Jasper's inclination to murder Ned at once under the influence of opium a description by Jasper of the effects of opium as a drug. But the danger Edwin was in, and the reason for the warning would have been made much clearer to the reader by the words Dickens wrote at first. However, he was more than justified in cancelling the passage, since it would have revealed too much to the reader, and even to Edwin, at this early stage.

Thus Jasper's proposal (p. 11), "Shall we go and walk in the churchyard?" in its apparent innocence but with its gruesome hidden meaning, is all that is left as an indication of the future development.



OH, THESE PROFESSORS!

ONE of the most interesting Dickensian interludes of recent date was a brief passage of arms in the "Western Mail" in which a well-known university professor was utterly routed. Mr. Gilbert Norwood is a professor at Toronto University. He is a well-known classical scholar and has published books on the ancient Greeks. It would seem that he has never heard of the advice that all cobblers are supposed to be given early in their apprenticeship—or possibly it had never occurred to him that it should be taken to heart also by university professors. In May he wrote an essay in the "Western Mail" which he entitled "Literary Idols with Feet of Clay." It was, in fact, all about one "idol," and the professor declared that Charles Dickens not merely had feet of clay, but was all loam at least up to the knees. That was "coming it strong," but our professor enlarged. He talked about "the solemn ruffianism" of Dickens's conduct and language towards his wife, which eclipsed "even the horrible taste of his language in and to America," and "the disgraceful exploitation of vulgar and greasy emotionalism in his public readings."

There was plenty of internal evidence in the essay that Prof. Norwood really had no knowledge of his subject. He praised Prof. Stephen Leacock's book on Dickens, and commented "of *Hard Times* we read here (i.e. in Leacock's book) that 'a large part of the book is mere trash' and that 'the plot of *Our Mutual Friend* is idiotic.'" Then came this weird remark: "Shelley was a poet through and through; and he died in a storm in the Gulf of Spezia. Where Dickens died I forget; probably in a four-poster." Finally, after this condemnation of Dickens as having been guilty of solemn ruffianism towards his wife, and of being all loam right up to the knees, our professor came to the decision that the secret of Dickens's popularity lay in the fact that "he was the same kind of man as his readers." "Superior" people have said superior things about Dickens and about Dickensians, but is there any record of an innuendo more ill-natured than that?

Mr. J. W. T. Ley immediately challenged this learned professor. He asked for his authority for this allegation of brutal ruffianism. He asked for the exact meaning of the reference to the probability of Dickens having died in a four-poster, and if that passage meant that while Shelley was a poet through and through Dickens was not a novelist through and through. The professor replied promptly, and delivered himself into the enemy's hands with perfectly wonderful

ativity. The reference to the four-poster was "Art"! For the first Mr. Ley was referred to Prof. Stephen Leacock's book! The latter concluded with the usual stuff—Mr. Ley attributed Messianic qualities to Charles Dickens.

Mr. Ley had an easy task. He referred Prof. Norwood to his review of Leacock's book in this magazine in 1934 wherein he described it as "the world's worst." This, he pointed out, served to show the utility (that was what Mr. Ley called Leacock's book in that same review) of attempting to justify to him an attack on the novelist's character by reference to such an authority. Mr. Ley pointed out that the professor's knowledge of *Little Dorrit* was, on the showing of his letter, confined to an extract from that book in Leacock's work, and he bluntly told the professor that there was a lot of which he was completely ignorant relating to Dickens's domestic troubles. This letter was published on June 11th. The professor has never replied to it. He retired from the contest. Nay, he was completely routed. It may be hoped the episode has taught him that even learned professors are as likely to make a mess of things if they rush in where angels fear to tread as are the other people mentioned in the old saying. We may add that Mr. Ley received letters from several people, strangers to him, not people learned in Dickensian matters, congratulating him on his crushing reply to the professor.



WINNIPEG CELEBRATES PICKWICK'S CENTENARY

THE IMMORTAL PICKWICK "came back to earth when the Winnipeg branch celebrated the centenary. Complete to his shining bald head and round spectacles, he mounted the chair at the banquet given in the Hudson's Bay Company's store, and announced in sepulchral tones, in the hearing of 200 guests "I am the ghost of Samuel Pickwick . . . I was born 100 years ago this year and was sent down here to-night by the author of my being, Charles Dickens." He then recalled the oration he made when he stood upon the Windsor chair in the Pickwick Club, in the presence of Winkle, Snodgrass and Tupman, etc.: "The pride with which I look around me on this the proudest moment of my existence."

The Rev. J. G. Stephens, impersonating Pickwick, looked the part in every detail. Following his speech Mr. D. R. P. Coats gave two choice readings from the book and the toast to the Immortal Memory was given by Canon J. O. Murray, who called the author a master of humour rather than of wit. Dickens sometimes satirised, but he never satirised classes but always the eccentricities of individuals.

Canon Gill, Past President, who has been reading Dickens for sixty-seven years, entertained the gathering with an address "Dickens for All Ages." His address was full of humour and he concluded by stating that, when he was seventeen he read *David Copperfield* and "fell for Dora." He thought the present young people had lost the spirit of romantic love; "they call me a silly ass, but no man will ever amount to anything at fifty unless he had been a silly ass at seventeen," he added.

Incidental selections of old English music and pictures of scenes in Dickens-land were presented during the dinner.

Dr. THE DICKENS HOUSE. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE PERIOD FROM 1ST MAY TO 31ST DECEMBER, 1935. Cr.

		EXPENDITURE.		INCOME.		Cr.	
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.			£ s. d.	£ s. d.
<i>To General Expenses—</i>				By Annual Subscriptions ..		..	3 13 6
Printing, Stationery, Postages, and Telephone		14 17 4		" Admission Fees ..		..	38 11 0
Caretaker and Cleaning ..		58 14 0		" <i>Rents—</i>			
Petty Cash and Sundry Expenses ..		30 0 3		No. 49 Doughty Street		173 3 2	
Bank Charges ..		12 1	104 3 8	<i>The Dickensian</i>		23 6 8	
				The Dickens Fellowship		32 1 8	
Advertising ..		39 4 11	2 2 0				228 11 6
" General and Water Rates ..		69 2 1		" <i>Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift—</i>			
" Lighting and Heating ..		5 8 1		Interest on £188 6s. 9d. 2½ % Consols		..	2 7 0
" Insurance ..				Profit on Sales		..	38 5 8
				" Balance, being excess of Expenditure over Income for the period,		..	37 6 1
				carried to Equipment and Endowment Fund ..		..	
<i>Less Received from the Dickens Fellowship</i>		113 15 1					
		11 5 0	102 10 1				
" Repairs and Decorations ..		20 7 7	23 3 9				
" Interest—Mortgage ..		6 11 0					
Loan ..							
			26 18 7				
" Salaries ..			79 6 8				
" Depreciation of Furniture and Fittings			10 10 0				
			£348 14 9				£348 14 9

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1935.

		LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.			
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.			£ s. d.	£ s. d.
<i>Loans—</i>				<i>Freehold Property (48 and 49 Doughty Street) at cost—</i>			
On Mortgage of 49 Doughty Street		1100 0 0		As at 30th April, 1935		..	5108 5 2
Less Repaid during the period		500 0 0	600 0 0	<i>Furniture and Fittings at cost, less depreciation—</i>			
				As at 30th April, 1935 ..		313 9 3	
The Dickens Fellowship		50 0 0		Additions during the period ..		1 7 6	
Add Received during the period		500 0 0					
			550 0 0	<i>Less Depreciation</i>		314 16 9	
<i>Sundry Creditors</i>				<i>Library and Museum at cost—</i>		10 10 0	
<i>Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift</i>				As at 30th April, 1935 ..		129 18 8	
<i>Equipment and Endowment Fund—</i>				Additions during the period ..		4 6	
As at 30th April, 1935 ..		4488 2 6					
Donations ..		196 13 4		<i>Stock of Pictures, Postcards, China, etc.</i>			
Sales of Souvenir Booklets ..		3 11 0		As certified by the Hon. Secretary		..	87 5 0
			4688 6 10	<i>Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment—</i>			
				£188 6s. 9d. 2½ % Consolidated Stock, at cost (held by the Official			
<i>Less Excess of Expenditure over Income for the</i>				Trustees of Charitable Funds)			
period ended 31st December, 1935		37 6 1	4631 0 9	(Market Value 31st December, 1935, £163 6s. 0d.)			
				<i>Sundry Debtors and Payments in Advance</i>			
				Cash at Bank		..	53 9 0
				Cash in Hand		..	166 10 7
						..	7 15 1
			£5960 14 6				£5960 14 6

THE DICKENS HOUSE

THE Balance Sheet for the year is printed on the opposite page. The following represent special donations and gifts received during the period covered by the accounts. Nottingham Branch is again prominent in their support, and it is earnestly hoped that other branches will make special efforts during this year to help the funds, which are still in need of further support.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
The Dickens Fellowship ..	50	0	0	Nottingham	10	0	0
U.S., per W.D. ..	2	16	6	Per Mrs. and the Misses Martin			
Mr. P. Chambers ..	0	13	3	and Mr. and Mrs. Guest ..	10	0	0
Mrs. Brumfit ..	0	10	0	Mr. Frank S. Johnson's List -			
Mr. R. E. Reed ..	0	3	6	Lecture, Wallington ..	1	1	0

Presented by—

GIFT.

M. le Comte de Suzannet (in honour of the Pickwick Centenary) . . .	One Page of the MS. of <i>The Pickwick Papers</i> .
Mr. Walter Dexter . . .	Wardrobe from Gads Hill, used personally by Dickens. Four vols. limited edition <i>The Pickwick Papers</i> , published 1867, Cambridge, Mass.
Miss Bertha Chapman (bequeathed) . . .	Three vols. "The Dickens World in Color," with card index.
Miss Sara Newton . . .	Menu of Dinner in honour of Charles Dickens, Esq., at the City Hotel, New York, Friday, February 18th, 1842.
Mrs. R. S. Moore . . .	Jet brooch, carved head of Charles Dickens.
Mr. J. T. Tussaud . . .	Coloured clay Bust of Dickens by J. R. Tussaud.
Mr. Fred Val Carey . . .	Ticket No. 67, admission to Dinner given to Charles Dickens on departure for America, November 7th, 1867.
Mr. John Y. Watt . . .	Catalogue of Dickens Library in Eastgate Museum, Rochester, and water colour drawing of No. 10, 11 Staple Inn, 1842-43.
Miss Florence Tylee . . .	Coloured map of "The England of Dickens," designed by Katherine Witcombe.
British Broadcasting Corporation . . .	Typescript version of "Mr. Pickwick's a Hundred Years Old," by V. C. Clinton Baddeley.
Mr. V. C. Clinton Baddeley	Typescript, Swedish translation of above.
Mr. Peter Starckjohann . . .	<i>A Christmas Carol</i> , Finnish translation.
Mr. W. C. Edwards . . .	Parcel of letters from Macrone.
Miss Elaine Benson, on behalf of British International Pictures Ltd. . .	Film of <i>The Old Curiosity Shop</i> .
Miss Elizabeth Allan, on behalf of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company Ltd. . .	Film of <i>David Copperfield</i> .

Presented by—

GIFT.

Mr. S. F. Ditcham, on behalf of General Film Distributors Ltd. . . . to Rochester.
 British Paramount News . . . Film, "Mr. Pickwick Reborn."

OTHER BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, PICTURES, MUSIC, etc., from Dr. J. H. Amerongen, Mr. H. H. Brindley, M.A., F.S.A., Mr. Walter Dexter, Mr. Hammond Hall, Dr. Walter Niemann, Mr. J. Cooper Sands, Mr. J. E. S. Sawyer, Mr. N. Simmonds, Sir Andrew T. Taylor, Miss C. Teschemaker, Mr. J. M. Thorington, Mr. Rathmel Wilson, F.R.G.S., Messrs. Chapman & Hall, The Heritage Press, The Modern Music Library, T. Nelson & Sons Ltd., Seager, Evans & Co., Stevens & Brown Ltd., The Stratford Co., and The Dickens Fellowship.

Also a portable electric radiator, the gift of Mr. J. D. Billington.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

- "The Dickens Boom." *The Age* (Melbourne), 20th March.
- "Mr. Pickwick and the Gutter Blood Hacks," by J. P. Quaine. *Star* (Melbourne), 23rd March.
- "The Pickwick Centenary." *The Age* (Melbourne), 28th March.
- "The Centenary of Pickwick." *Leader* (Melbourne), 28th March.
- "Pickwick on the Payroll," by J. P. Quaine. *The Australian Storekeepers' and Traders' Journal*, 31st March.
- "The Launceston Pickwick Reprint," by C.R.L. *The Age* (Melbourne), 28th March.
- "Dickens Landmarks," by E. C. Bailey. *Hampshire Telegraph*, 22nd May and 26th June.
- "Mr. Pickwick's Centenary." *Morning Herald* (Sydney), 28th March.
- "Dickens in a Rail Smash." *Manchester Evening News*, 1st May.
- "A Few More Words on Pickwick," by V.R. *Notes and Queries*, 30th May.
- "The Blight of Dickens," by P. H. Muir. *The Bookseller*, 6th May and 4th June.
- "The Centenary of Pickwick," by E. Beresford Chancellor. *Chambers Journal*, June.
- "Dickens and Australia," by J. P. Quaine. *The Advocate* (Melbourne), 7th May.
- "Dotheboys Hall," by Cecil Walton. *Weekly Telegraph*, 4th July.
- "Slumming with Dickens," by Pearl P. Strachan. *Christian Science Monitor*, 16th June.
- "Great Love Stories." *Boots at the Holly Tree Inn* (reprinted). *Daily Mirror*, 23rd July.
- "Rokeby and Bowes," by Rev. John Maclaren. *The Scotsman*, 18th July.
- "Dickens as a Reader." *Herald* (Auckland), 9th May.
- "The Pickwick Centenary." *Examiner* (Launceston, Tas.), 21st March.
- "Wooden legs in Dickens," by V. R. *Notes & Queries*, 1st August.
- "The Pickwicks of Bath," by T. Sturge Cotterell. *Somerset Year Book*.
- "With Dickens in East Anglia," by Maj.-Gen. H. S. Neville White, C.B., M.V.O. Illustrated. *East Anglian Magazine*, August.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

BY LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(BODLEIAN LIBRARY)

AUTHORS AND FIRST NIGHTS

"It is remarkable that theatrical history has failed to record who is the first English author to be favoured with a call . . . the chances are that Charles Dickens was the first . . . certainly one of the first—receive in person the compliments of the audience. When Sheridan Knowles's play 'Love' was produced at Covent Garden on November 10, 1839, he was loudly called for at the fall of the curtain, and 'The Beggar's Opera,' in recording the fact, styles it a following of 'a vulgar custom, first encouraged by Mr. Dickens, and last by Sir E. Bulwer' . . . Dickens had three burlettas to his record—*The Village Coquettes*, *The Strange Gentleman*, and *Is She his Wife?*—all produced at the Adelphi Theatre. As the second and third were trivialities and unlikely to evoke any enthusiasm, the chances are that it was on December 6th, 1836, that the popular author of *The Pickwick Papers* was honoured with a call at the close of *The Village Coquettes*, and paved the way for generations of future playwrights."*—"Old Theatre Days and Ways," by W. J. Lawrence. (Harrap.)

* * * * *

IN AMERICA

"Dickens' account of Niagara stands second to Mrs. Trollope's. Dickens is realistic while his is sentimental.

"Dickens travelled both by imagination and steamboat, but there are passages which are always worth marking in his unread *Notes*. They describe :

The Big Grave Creek on the Ohio ;

The Mississippi ;

The forest trees burning before the advance of the settlers ;

Niagara.

"Too often he fell into caricature, as when he described the grimness of the Shakers hanging their grim hats on grim pegs or the wasted tree-stumps which still pain a traveller's eyes. The stumps he compared to Grecian urns, old gentlemen in white waistcoats, negroes, women, hunchbacks, and the figures seen and forgotten in children's books. The prairie sunset disappointed him. Likewise the Mississippi, 'an enormous ditch sometimes two or three miles wide, running liquid mud six miles an hour.' Mrs. Trollope wrote of the Mississippi's 'thousand miles of vegetable wall.' The three questions he heard discussed were politics, cotton, and the banks. He noticed that 'quiet people avoid the question of the Presidency.' Quiet people in recent times avoided talking about Prohibition, but banks still enjoy a tremendous amount of comment, and cotton is no longer king.

"Thackeray, as Dickens' rival, was the next to tour America . . . Thackeray asked one of the ship's officers whether the passage described in Dickens' *Notes* had been so terrific. He corroborated him in every particular."—"American Wonderland," by Shane Leslie. (Michael Joseph, Ltd.)

* [Mr. Lawrence is probably correct in his surmise, see the letters to Hullah first printed in "The Dickensian," 1934, p. 17.—The Editor.]

GHOSTS

"Mrs. Oliphant's 'The Open Door' is very long-winded, and Dickens's *Story of the Bagman's Uncle* leaves me, at least, unaffected. Much more inspiring is *The Trial for Murder*, in which Dickens is supposed to have elaborated a manuscript by Charles Alston Collins. The Old Bailey ought to have tales to match this; but I know of none."—"Historic British Ghosts," by Philip W. Sargeant. (Hutchinson.)

* * * * *

MARCEL PROUST

"He had real affection for the people whom, consciously or not, he made ridiculous, whether his friends or his creations, just as it has been said of Dickens that 'he had a boy's love for the persons who afforded him opportunities for horse-play.'"—"From Rousseau to Proust," by Havelock Ellis. (Constable.)

* * * * *

PLAYS AND PLAYWRIGHTS

"The Lord Chamberlain hesitated as to giving his official sanction to 'Young Woodley.' He may have remembered that Charles Dickens was loudly assailed by individuals who thought that they were being held up to obloquy as 'Squeers,' and he may have feared lest headmasters might call, or write, in angry protest against one of their profession being exposed to ridicule and reproach.

"Peggotty, Mr. Micawber, Oliver Twist, Colonel Newcome, Becky Sharp, were never quite so entirely human in the glare of the theatre as we found them in cold print."—"From Phelps to Gielgud," by Sir George Arthur. (Chapman and Hall.)

* * * * *

CICERO

"'It is always the business of the juror in a trial to find out the truth; it is sometimes the business of the advocate to maintain what is plausible, even if it be not strictly true, though I should not venture to say this, especially in an ethical treatise, if it were not also the position of Panaetius, the strictest of Stoics.' No moralist would now defend this position, and we are surprised to hear that Panaetius did. For a somewhat highly-coloured parallel in the case of the English Bar, we may adduce Mr. Jaggars in Dickens' *Great Expectations*. He would never allow a client to confess to him his guilt; provided he did not know it from the defendant's own lips, he would conduct any case. This was pretty much the practice of Cicero."—"Cicero a Study," by G. C. Richards. (Chatto and Windus.)

* * * * *

FROM A QUAKER'S JOURNAL

10th Month 18th, 1838

"Read *Oliver Twist* by Dickens. a mere novel and many of the characters of the most depraved cast. I bought it in London and am glad to sell it again here at half price. Authors are too eager to take their reputation to market when they have once established one, and thus become suicides of their own fame. Some of the principal reviewers praised this work of Dickens as his best performance, judging from its commencement, so he hurries it to a conclusion through the most improbable events and with little art. His forte lies in caricaturing the more obvious shades of character, and in quizzing the follies of the day."—"A Quaker Journal" of William Lucas of Hitchin (1804-1861)

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF LAUGHTER

"He did as much as, or more than, all the Bentham's and the Mill's and the Shaftesburys to sweep away the removable hardships, the cruelties and injustices of the England of his day. He led here legislation followed. The pen was mightier than the parliament. Others since Dickens have used the bitter denunciation of fiction, to reform social evils, to clear up the 'jungle' and cut asunder the octopus.' But he did it with laughter and the smiles that mingled even with anger as April sunshine glimmers through the rain. No one ever equalled, no one ever approached, Charles Dickens in this respect."

—"Humour," by Stephen Leacock.

THE PICKWICK CENTENARY IN PHILADELPHIA

THE Pickwick Centenary was celebrated in Philadelphia by an exhibition of books and prints which included the first edition in Great Britain, the first American edition, and numerous volumes on the history and topography of the book, together with over 150 prints by various illustrators. A paper on the history of the book was read by the President, Thomas K. Ober, Jun., and two scenes, "The Christmas party at Dingley Dell" and "Sam Weller at Mrs. Bardell's" were presented by the Players. It was held in conjunction with the Pennsylvania Library Club with 450 in attendance. Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, President of the Club, made a brief address, and invited attention to the exhibit in the lobby at the entrance to the hall of Dickens first editions, autographed letters, and three precious manuscript pages of *The Pickwick Papers*. "Modern Pickwickian Attitudes" was the subject of an amusing paper by Dr. Wilmer Krusen, and a Sam Weller monologue was rendered by William N. Oglesby.

The Philadelphia Branch closed a successful season with an outing to the Valley Green Canoe Club on the Wissahickon. The usual Christmas treat for poor children was held late in December, when toys, dolls, books, and candies were distributed to 500 little ones. A well-attended dinner and the placing of a wreath on the statue of Dickens and Little Nell in Clark Park marked the observance of the birthday.

RUGBY'S HELP FOR TINY TIMS

ANOTHER year of steady progress was reported at the Annual Meeting of the Rugby Branch, the most successful feature being the fact that in the first year £76 had been raised for the Tiny Tim Cot Fund. In celebration of the Pickwick Centenary, a Pickwick Costume Dance had been held, the famous trial scene re-enacted.

Regret was expressed at the departure from Rugby of the President, Mrs. Eardley Morris; Mr. E. L. D. Cole, a former master at Rugby school, was unanimously elected in her place.

At Westminster Abbey on the 9th June, floral tributes were placed on the grave by Lady Dickens, Miss Sara Newton (Philadelphia Branch), Miss Brindley for Miss Florence Dickens, and Headquarters. There was a large number of members in attendance, amongst them being Mr. Rowlands of the Melbourne Branch.

MRS. GAMP ON MRS. HARRIS



"What! you bage creetur, have I know'd Mrs. Harris five and thirty year, to be told at last that there ain't no sech a person livin'! Have I stood her friend in all her troubles, great and small, for it to come at last to sech a end as this, which her own sweet picter hanging up afore you all the time, to shame your Bragian words! But well you mayn't believe there's no sech a creetur, for she wouldn't demean herself to look at you, and often has she said, when I have made mention of your name, which, to my sinful sorrow, I have done, 'What, Sairey Gamp! debase yourself to her!' Go along with you!"

* * * * *

"Don't I know as that dear woman is expecting of me at this minnit and is a lookin' out of window down the street, with little Tommy Harris in her arms, as calls me his own Gammy, and truly calls, for bless the mottled little legs of that there precious child (like Canterbury brawn his own dear father says, which so they are) his own I have been, ever since I found him with his small red worsted shoe a gurglin' in his throat, where he had put it in his play, a chick, wile they was leavin' of him on the floor a looking for through the ouse and him a choakin' sweetly in the parlour! Oh, Betsey Prig, what wickedness you've showed this night, but never shall you darken Sairey's doors agen, you twining serpiant!"

* * * * *

"I knows a lady, which her name, I'll not deceive you, is Harris her husband's brother bein' six foot three, and marked with a mad bull in Wellington boots upon his left arm, on account of his precious mother havin' been worrited by one into a shoe-maker's shop, when in a sitiuation which blessed is the man as has his quiver full of sech as many times I've said to Gamp when words has roge betwixt us on account of the expense—and often have I said to Mrs. Harris, 'Oh Mrs. Harris, ma'am! your countenance is quite a angel's!' Which but for pimples, it would be. 'No, Sairey Gamp,' says she, 'you best of hard-working and industrious creeturs as ever was underpaid at any price, which underpaid you are, quite different. Harris had it done afore marriage at ten and six,' she says, 'and wore it faithful next his heart 'till the colour run, when the money was declined to be give back, and no arrangement could be come to. But he never said it was a angel's, Sairey, wotever he might have thought.' In Mrs. Harris's husband was here now he'd speak out plain, he would and his dear wife would be the last to blame him! For if ever a woman lived as know'd not wot it was to form a wish to pizon them as had good looks, and had no reagon give her by the best of husbands Mrs. Harris is that ev'nly dispogician!"



Drawn by]

[Ruth Whittaker

PICKWICK CRICKET CLUB

It is interesting to record that a Pickwick Cricket Club was in existence in Birmingham about 1880. It was a club of some local note, which played on a field below the Midland Railway line at Balsall Heath. I can remember the names of two players only, Williams, and Thomas Rubbra.

ERNEST H. RANN.

SUPERS

On page 226 is printed an extract from a book by W. J. Lawrence in which it is stated that Dickens was innocent of abbreviation of the word supernumeraries. But I find in a letter to Clarkson Stanfield on August 24th, 1844, that Dickens gives some imaginary libretto, and in the stage directions says: "Enter Supers in calico jackets to look like cloth."

So it would appear that "Supers" was in use at least as far back as 1844.

It is interesting to note that in the play-bill of *The Village Coquettes*, 1836, "extras" are referred to as "Auxiliaries."

LEO MASON.

DICKENS IN PICKWICK STREET

The following curious coincidence may be of interest to you:—

When I came to this parish I made a visitation. I discovered a small street with a few houses named "Pickwick Street." A house was pointed out as the residence of a parishioner. Before entering I thought it would be amusing if the name should be "Dickens." And so it was! Stranger still I found that the possessor of the name had never heard of Pickwick! I have been unable to discover who named the street.

Saint Joan of Arc Rectory,
Philadelphia, Pa.

EDWARD HAWKS.

SHARK-HEADED SCREWS

In reply to Mr. Lindley Latham.* A shark-headed screw is what the trade term "round-headed." I should say this kind of screw was first made about a century ago. The early screws were flat-headed and had no points. Nettlefolds invented the point, and made themselves famous throughout the world.

Lichfield.

J. H. BRIDGEMAN.

* See Spring number, page 152.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETING

BIRMINGHAM.

Sept. 9—The President, Mr. H. Wright, At Home, to members and friends.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Sept. 5—Evening arranged by Mrs. Mead.

Oct. 3—Dramatic entertainment.

Nov. 7—To be arranged.

EDGWARE.

Oct. 2—Lecture by Miss Mary Bryan, "Dickens's Peculiar People."

Nov. 6—Lecture by Mr. William Platt, "London and Dickens."

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.

Oct. 21—"Mixed Grill"—Miss Trumble, Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Power.

Nov. 23—Lantern lecture by Mrs. Lidderdale, "Progress and a Penny."

HULL.

Oct. 9—Dingley Dell Party.

16—Lecture by Miss Findley, M.D., "Livingstone, Explorer and Traveller."

30—Lecture by Rev. Charles A. Whitehead, "Smilin' thro'."

Nov. 13—Reading from *Christmas Books* and *Christmas Stories* arranged by Mr. Alan Phillips.

27—Whist Drive.

LONDON.

Oct. —Lecture by Mr. V. C. Clinton Baddeley.

Nov. 20—Lecture by Mr. J. H. McNulty, "The Christmas Books—Humbug!"

MANCHESTER.

Oct. 2—President's Address; Sketches.

23—Debate, "Mistresses and Maids," Mesdames Corney and Biggs.

Nov. 6—Lecture by Mr. A. S. Mason, "Villains."

20—Annual Dinner.

NEW YORK.

Oct. 16—Opening meeting.

Nov. 20—To be announced.

PHILADELPHIA.

Oct. 28—Opening meeting.

Nov. 18—Scenes from *Christmas Books*.

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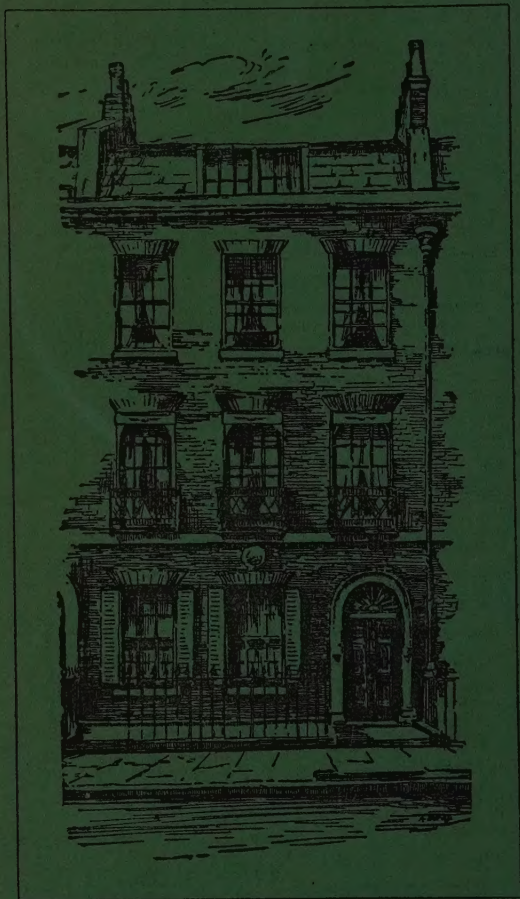
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